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Owen Charles Whitehouse

of

Cheshunt College

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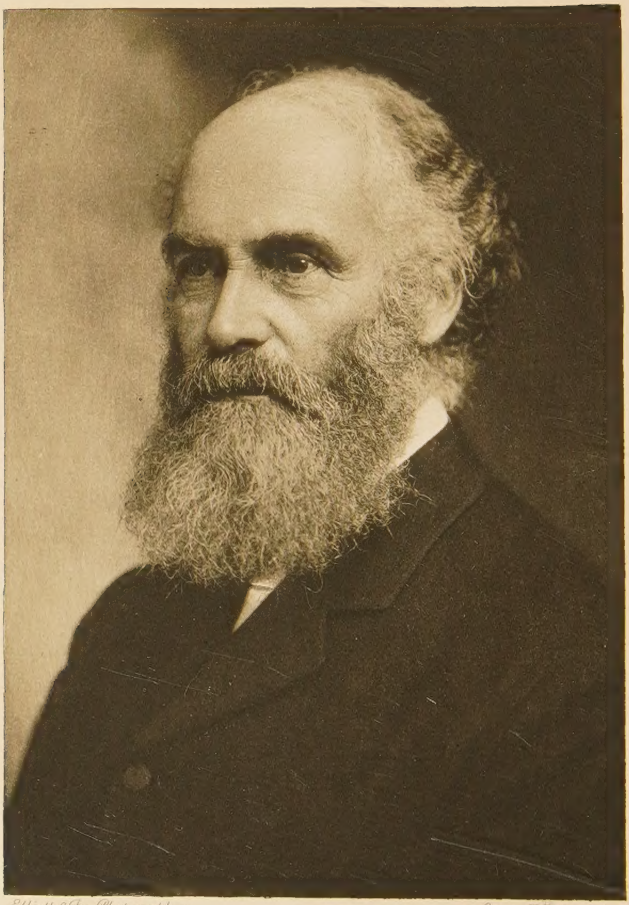

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OWEN CHARLES WHITEHOUSE

OF CHESHUNT COLLEGE:

THE PLAIN TALE OF A GODLY SCHOLAR'S LIFE,
TOLD BY HIS DAUGHTER LILIAN
AND OTHERS.

"He had understanding of righteousness, and discernèd great and marvellous wonders: and he prevailèd with the Most High, and is numberèd among the saintly company."
(No. 438, "The Spirit of Man," by the Poet Laureate.)

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PREFACE.

This little volume has been written primarily that those who knew and loved my father might have some record of his life. It makes no claim to be a full biography ; I have dwelt rather on periods and events which are perhaps less known to them, such for instance as the months spent at Bonn. Sitting day by day at his desk, in the familiar study among the books by which he set such store, I have sought to recapture a little of that spirit which made his life beautiful and endeared him to so many. If through these pages he should become known to strangers, I would assure them that this attempted portrait falls very far short of the original, for the pen which traced it is in the hand of an amateur who has undertaken a task beyond her powers. I would claim their indulgence, too, for the homeliness of style, seeing that I have conceived myself to be addressing an audience made up largely of personal friends.

Of my father's published work a full and critical account is given by Mr. Stanley A.

Cook in the Appreciation which appears towards the end of the book ; while the Rev. Dr. H. T. Andrews has contributed a short statement as to his theological position. I thank them both very warmly for their readiness to help in this way. I wish also to express my deep gratitude to the Revs. H. H. Carlisle, A. Clifford Hall and W. Monk Jones for their sympathetic interest and advice in all that concerned the preparation and publication of this sketch. I am also most grateful to the Very Rev. Dean Fry for his account of my father's work on the Education Committee of the Hertfordshire County Council ; to the Rev. Ernest W. Johnson for suggestions as to details and aspects of my father's personality ; to the Rev. G. C. Britton for placing at my disposal some pages of recollections, and to other past students of Cheshunt College for sending me letters from my father. It has been impossible to quote from more than a very few letters, and so I have thought it well to suppress the names of his former pupils in all cases lest any omissions might cause regret.

It is not for me to thank the Rev. Joseph Johnson, my father's oldest friend, who has written of their student days ; my aunt, Miss Whitehouse, of Wescott, who has selected so many of the letters cited and supervised

the account of early years; or my mother and sister who have aided throughout with advice and recollections—only I must place on record how great has been their share in the work.

LILIAN M. WHITEHOUSE.

Cambridge,
August, 1916.

I.

"Sincere and unbroken family affection is a daily sunshine in a house, for which there is much reason to be thankful, especially when the bonds of connection are of the widest range, comprising relations to God and to the next life."

"Forty years ago to-morrow I first saw Nagercoil. I cannot quite say that thirty-three years ago to-morrow I first saw you, for I think I did not see you until the 16th or 17th, and probably you did not at the time take a note of it. . . ." (*John Owen Whitehouse, in birthday letters to his son, Owen Charles*, 14. xi. 71, *and* 14. xi. 82.)

It was into a very loving home on a far-away mission station that Owen Charles Whitehouse was born on November 15th, 1849. His father, John Owen, was the son of John Jarvis Whitehouse, minister of the Dorking Congregational Church, from 1812 to 1825. The name Owen commemorates the connection by marriage with John Owen, Cromwell's chaplain in Ireland and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University from 1652 to 1658, who was my father's sixth great-uncle; his fourth great-uncle (also by marriage) was Bishop Butler; and the Protector himself was a friend of his fifth great-grandfather, "General" Bartholomew Hall, of Harpsden. John Jarvis Whitehouse had

married Sarah Allnutt, a lady of some force of character to judge from her miniature portrait; indeed her mother and her grandmother before her appear from their portraits to have been women of some power and no little beauty. Their elder son, John Owen (my grandfather), was a student of Cheshunt College, which he left in 1842 to take up work for the London Missionary Society. He was put in charge of the Seminary at Nagercoil. "Under him," Mr. Hacker writes (*A Hundred Years in Travancore*, 1908, pp. 41-2), "the seminary became famous as an educational institution, and two of the pupils . . . became Dewans of the State. He was no less energetic in providing for the training of preachers and catechists." In January, 1849, John Owen Whitehouse married Sarah, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mault, who had been working since 1819 at the London Mission in Nagercoil; their elder daughter had married Dr. Robert Caldwell of the S.P.G., afterwards Bishop of Tinnevelly, who achieved philological distinction by his *Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian or South Indian Family of Languages*, first published in 1856.* Mrs. Charles Mault

* A third edition, revised and edited by the Rev. J. L. Wyatt and T. Ramakrishna Pillai, was published in 1913 by Kegan Paul and Co.

worked energetically by her husband's side for thirty-six years during a period of rapid development. Slavery, not finally abolished by Government Proclamation till 1855, was one of the difficulties with which they were confronted, and Mrs. Mault started lace-making to enable little slave-girls to earn their own purchase money and to help widows who were greatly down-trodden. So already in those early days the need for industrial missions arose and was satisfied apparently without controversy. Their daughter Sarah brought her husband not only a loyal and deep affection but a fervour of devotion for their common task of spreading the Christian Faith in India. If her views were strict according to modern conceptions, she possessed the redeeming quality of humour and a great measure of quiet tact.

Such then was the setting of Owen Charles' first seven years of life, and there in Nagercoil he gleaned the stuff of which his earliest memories were woven. The mission compound with the north and south bungalows, the comings and goings of Indian students of the seminary, the queer pets which he shared with his little sister, the mysterious native life going on around them, and within their home that simple, unswerving, almost austere devotion to their life-work on the part of both

parents—such was the background of those early years. Across the foreground vivid impressions flashed and were held in his retentive memory : a visit to a native potentate, who made much of the little white guest and gave him a cheap china figure which was duly treasured ; the awe and wonder experienced when fireworks, never before witnessed, were suddenly sent up from a native feast, and seemed to his childish mind grave portents of the end of the world ; the first contact with death, when their familiar friend, Dr. Leitch, was drowned while bathing at Muttam, and the puzzled efforts to understand what had become of him ; the terrors of a hostile crowd collected for a native procession, which tried to bar the passage of the palanquin in which Owen Charles was travelling with his mother, and then the arrival of his grandfather, who ordered the crowd aside with a quiet authority which no one gainsaid ; the pursuit of a cobra across the compound, which disappeared beneath the veranda floor where the children often played, and its subsequent slaughter by their father with the help of some students from the seminary. Outstanding events were the holidays spent at " the Retreat " up in the Ghauts—the start in the cool early morning, the long ascent to the accompaniment of the

bearers' monotonous chant, and then the beauty of mountain height and dashing torrent, which through all his life brought such joy to my father's soul. Up above the heat they lived in a primitive rest-house with only two sleeping rooms—for Owen Charles I am afraid the snoring of a certain missionary friend of his father's seemed by far the most remarkable sound of the tropical night. Near by was a waterfall fed by a lake far above, and here a "boy" of theirs, Niána Kun, very nearly met his death. He was busy chopping wood on the slope close to the falls, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse with their children were watching him from some distance away. Suddenly they noticed a great flood of water descending towards the fall, caused by the bursting of a dam above, which threatened to overwhelm the unsuspecting Niána Kun. Frantically they shouted to him, but their voices were lost in the sound of falling water—an awful moment of suspense—and then their last desperate cry of warning reached him just in time, and he sprang aside and ran for his life. Owen Charles remembered every detail of that scene, down to the very words of Tamil, which his father and mother called across the valley—more than thirty years later he repeated them to a missionary from South India, long after he had for-

gotten all else he had ever known of the language.

In January, 1857, my grandfather left Nagercoil with his family to return to England. My father had poignant memories of that parting from the land of his birth which none of them were destined to revisit. The little cortège set out before dawn ; beside the palanquins loomed dusky figures and there was the soft padding of many bare feet running on and on through the dark, for the seminary lads and native Christians were very loth to bid farewell to those who had loved and taught them for so many years. At length my grandfather could bear it no longer ; the last good-bye was said and his reluctant followers obediently turned back. " Love is a great thing, in every way a great good : it alone can make the heavy burden light, and bears with evenness all inequalities." And so they left India with the love for her in their hearts which all good Anglo-Indians feel towards that wayward and mysterious land, which lures and yet baffles, and which is so precious a gem in our Imperial crown.

They embarked on the *Seringapatam*, a sailing vessel, and she took just four months over the voyage by way of the Cape. On board was a draft of sick soldiers invalided

home to England, and among these several deaths occurred while the ship was becalmed in the Mozambique Channel. The strange solemnity of these military funerals at sea, the gruesome presence of numbers of sharks, the vivid language and varied accomplishments of the sailors, and a visit to St. Helena and the haunts of Napoleon were among the strongest impression of those rather tedious months. They reached England in May, landing at Brighton where the children were chiefly interested in their first experience of railway travelling. The family settled immediately at Dorking, in a house in South Street (since demolished), where the next four years were spent very happily among old friends and new—it had been my grandfather's home before he left England. So Owen Charles passed from childhood to boyhood amid the quiet influences of an old country town set among sweeping chalk hills, with deep mossy lanes and magnificent beech-clumps. Throughout his life he always admired the calm beauty of Surrey scenery with that touch of pious devotion which one feels for a countryside where one has known much happiness in early youth.

Dr. Bright was then minister at the Congregational Church in Dorking, and under an elm-tree in his charming garden on Rose Hill

Owen Charles first met a little maid who was destined to play a very great part in his life. This was none other than "Minnie" (Margaret) Maynard, who some nineteen years later became his wife. The Maynard children used to make long stays in Dorking three times a year, and a very warm friendship sprang up between the two families. Mrs. Maynard, then in the early years of her widowhood, had the greatest confidence in Mrs. Whitehouse, and firmly relied on her sympathy and advice ; and their respective daughters Margaret and Annie became fast and lifelong friends. The children shared their pastimes—fishing for minnow in the river Mole and games of cricket figured largely ; perhaps my grandfather was not far wrong when he remarked on toasting the bride, his new daughter-in-law, that " match-making had begun in very early days—in the form of cricket matches." For the rest, there were holiday visits from the Caldwell cousins, Isabella and Louie, and much interest in the affairs of their dog and chickens. Owen was early convinced of the efficacy of prayer. On one occasion the children were confined in a garret by the lock slipping. They had been reading that blood-curdling romance " Lilian's Golden Hours," and at once foresaw that they were doomed to starve to death undiscovered in their prison.

Owen, however, felt impelled to offer prayer, which he did with great fervour, and on rising from his knees he succeeded in unscrewing the lock, after which he returned thanks to God for granting them release.

In 1861 the Whitehouse family moved to Reading so as to be close to Amersham Hall School, where Owen was to be a boarder. He was then a lanky boy of twelve, growing very fast and rather delicate and nervous. An attack of jungle fever in India had left him somewhat subject to nightmare, bad dreams, and nocturnal terrors, and during his school-days he had a rather alarming attack of congestion of the lungs and other less serious illnesses. Lessons were easily mastered, and his behaviour is described in 1864 by Mr. Ebenezer West, the headmaster, as " diligent and well-conducted." During school-days his religious impressions grew less vivid, and he became almost callous to what would have distressed him deeply in former years. Towards the end, however, there was some revival of earnestness, and he joined the Church at Castle Street, Reading. Once he had made up his mind—which he did almost immediately—that it behoved a man and a Christian to fight if provoked, he held his own very happily with the other boys. There was a healthy tone in the school. Games had not

reached a great development in those days, but the boys satisfied their adventurous cravings by voyaging from one dormitory to another at night after the lights were out. The risks attaching to this fascinating pastime were minimised by the fact that "Sneezer" (Mr. West), when patrolling the school, wore very audible boots, which gave abundant warning of his dangerous proximity. Among my father's contemporaries at Amersham Hall was the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, with whom he kept in touch at long intervals in after life; till about 1900 Old Boys' dinners were occasionally held in London. In 1897 Mr. Birrell presided at the Cheshunt College Anniversary during the term of his old schoolfellow's presidentship.

In 1866 my father left Amersham Hall with flying colours, having secured the fourth place in Honours in the matriculation examination of the London University, winning a Gilchrist scholarship to the University on the strength of it. His successor in this honour was another Amersham Hall boy, J. Neville Keynes, now Registrary of Cambridge University, with whom he was able to renew associations in later years.

II.

" Ever since I have heard that sermon [on Spring, by the Rev. Thos. Jones, of Charrington Street Chapel], nature has charmed me more than ever it did before. The trees with their budding leaves seem to speak so solemnly with a silent eloquence as I pass by the gardens in Gordon Square. Their end as well as mine is decay and death. They seem to remind me of the bleak winter which seems to brood over me. Do you know what it is to live in a freezing atmosphere? *I* do. University Hall seems to me an ice-bound region. I am plunged in my studies—the intellect in full play—the soul in a profound lethargy, and God's light seems to be hid in the gloom of an arctic night, except for the few moments' glimpse I have when I read and pray. Almost all the students here are as chilly as myself: to them religion is a farce, and a very unentertaining one. . . Two days which I spend at home I seem to feel the genial effects of spring, and two of Wilks' sermons [the Rev. Mark Wilks, of Holloway Chapel] make me glad again. Then the 'Favourite' omnibus whirls me back again, and I am once more enclosed by the icy barrier, and so my life flows on. I am alternately melted and frozen, and every month when I celebrate the self-torture of an innocent God for my sake, I have to think of a long tedious list of struggles and failures and intervals of complete oblivion of the Creator." (*O. C. W. to his sister*, II. iv. 67.)

On going into residence at University Hall, where his Gilchrist scholarship was tenable, my father was subjected at the age of seventeen to a totally new set of influences. Professor E. S. Beesly, a Positivist, was then

Principal of University Hall, and as a student of classics my father read Greek under Professor Henry Malden and Latin under Professor (later Sir) John Seeley, for whom he had a profound admiration. My grandfather was in his time broad as compared with the majority of ministers ; in quite early days he denied the doctrine of verbal inspiration then held by very many, and accepted the evolutionist theory of a gradual Creation rather than that of a series of cataclysms occurring in six days. He was too wise a man to condemn his son for questioning matters of faith, knowing how far more vital and precious is a faith that has been actively won than a collection of dogmas accepted at second hand. The Rev. Mark Wilks, regarded by many as hopelessly unorthodox, was ever a helpful friend and leader to my father during that period of struggle and stress. And he did not actually lose faith ; he rather built up laboriously and painfully a very firm edifice founded on rock against which many waves of scepticism beat in vain during the years that followed. The fact that he was president of the University College Students' Christian Association in 1868—just a year after writing the letter quoted above—speaks for itself. On the whole those were strenuous and not unhappy years, for

there is zest in a mental struggle even against heavy odds. And every stage of my father's life has been enriched by the friendships which he always won and held so easily and valued so highly. Perhaps the most notable new tie formed at University College was that with E. A. Sonnenschein, now Professor of Latin and Greek in Birmingham University; the two were intimate for some years, and their mutual warm regard has been lifelong.

Owen Whitehouse took his B.A. degree in the London University in 1870, having been unsuccessful in his first attempt to pass the examination. He had not then decided on a career, and for the time being became assistant master in a school in North London. For the ideals of suburbia of that particular type, which asks for a "good commercial education" with no love of learning and no appreciation of literary beauty, he had a supreme contempt, and he did his utmost to counteract so mean an outlook in his pupils. During those two years he was waiting in order to make sure of himself, marking time as it were before taking a great step forward in the march of life. That step he took when he entered Cheshunt College in 1872 for a two-years theological course. For the rest of his life, over forty years, his lot was bound up with the fate of the College, except for an

interval of three years between his student days and his joining the staff. There he came to know Dr. Henry Robert Reynolds, President of the College from 1860 to 1895, a devout and most beautiful personality, whom to know was to love. I cannot attempt to describe the influence which Dr. Reynolds wielded over his students or the devotion which they felt for him. To many generations of Cheshunt men he was a true father in God, and during all the years—nearly a quarter of a century—that my father worked under and with him his affection for the Doctor grew ever greater.*

In those days Owen Whitehouse was essentially an intellectual with a soul above the homely details of garb. But despite his ill-fitting, carelessly chosen clothes he was good to look upon, with his tall, erect figure, abundant curly black hair and ruddy brown beard—he never used a razor in his life—and those deep-set dark brown eyes, which could kindle so wonderfully with enthusiasm or humour, and yet at times of depression revealed such infinite sadness. He was ever a great reader of poetry; Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats were his favourites, and for

* My father's first impressions of Dr. Reynolds have been described by himself (*Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D., His Life and Letters*. Edited by his sisters. Hodder and Stoughton, 1898, pp. 555 ff.)

Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* he had some admiration. He had a strong sense of rhythm and a really considerable poetic gift of his own, though it was only exercised at long intervals, usually when he was profoundly stirred by some event or sudden realisation. He was also an enthusiastic student of European history, probably an outcome of Seeley's influence, and this taste was greatly enhanced by his subsequent intercourse with foreigners and opportunities for acquiring the German standpoint at first hand.

His spiritual development during this difficult period has been described by himself in one of his Saturday morning addresses to his students :

" I have thought that perhaps my own experience of student days might be some help, though it is true that past is past, and 1909 is not 1869. . .

" From the simple unquestioning faith of my home, an Indian missionary's home, and also of school, I passed to University College in London. There I lived among Unitarians and Positivists. Most of my beliefs at the age of seventeen were challenged or flatly denied. The ordeal was a severe one. But the severest ordeal of all was the teaching of philosophy. The ruling influence at that time was that of Mill, Bain, and Spencer. I

was taught by a young Aberdonian—an excellent enthusiastic teacher — Professor Croom Robertson. I esteemed him, felt almost an affection for him. There was no room for God, soul or immortality in his system.

"Historic Christianity seemed to me melting away. Two things only still kept me a Christian: one was the preaching . . . of my minister [Mark Wilks], a strong, virile, broad-minded man. The other was Professor Seeley's influence and his great book *Ecce Homo*. Strange to say I turned my thoughts to the ministry largely through that book.

"And yet I felt that my hold of what is called evangelical truth seemed to be vanishing. That strange, sad, and beautiful poem of Matthew Arnold, *Obermann once more*, seemed to reflect the twilight and uncertainty of a mind for whom the daylight seemed to have gone. . .

"And so I passed into a theological college with a very much attenuated faith—too much dominated by a philosophy that had no place for religion. And this theological college did more for me, I think, than theological colleges do in perhaps most cases. I recovered my hold of Christianity not through theological lectures but by my intercourse with my fellow-

students. They were men of very varied type—some men of real culture, some with none at all—but nearly all were men of real fervent piety, to whom religious experience was a very genuine thing. The atmosphere of such a society did a great deal for me. We met in little groups for prayer with one another. . . And in this fellowship in one another's rooms I learned to pray as I never prayed before. I was taught to realise God's living presence through prayer and the strength and help that prayer, the prayer of genuine earnest men, can give.

"I began to feel that Christian experience is a solid fact resting upon superhuman foundations not to be analysed or explained away—not to be rejected because it did not fit into a philosophical scheme that was accessible or intelligible to me. If I was unable to philosophise about it, it was not for that reason any the less true.

"And then I began to feel able to preach. At first I felt painfully conscious that I was giving stones instead of bread to those poor, simple, hard-working people to whom one had to minister, but gradually one had a more definite and satisfying message to deliver. . ."

III.

" If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm !
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself ;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd ! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

Matthew Arnold.

The following account of my father as a student of Cheshunt College has been contributed by his old friend and fellow-student, the Rev. Joseph Johnson, of Sale.

Owen Charles Whitehouse came to Cheshunt College, having taken his London B.A., a sound classical scholar with a good knowledge of Hebrew. Though he had passed through a strange time of doubt and uncertainty he had never given up his faith in the fundamentals of the Christian religion, nor had the influence of his early training and teaching ever left him. He had been greatly helped, too, in his religious development by Mark Wilks, a man of remarkable ability who came of good

stock, Matthew and Mark Wilks being his uncles. The preaching of Mark Wilks was of the undogmatic kind, with wonderful power and inspiration ; it was intellectual with clear insight into truth and a broad prophetic outlook ; his message kindled faith and hope. He simply lived to preach ; his vision reached great heights and he touched the deepest chords of the human heart. Those who came to listen to him fell under the spell of his utterance, and many distinguished people attended the services from time to time. He was for some years a member of the London School Board, and obtained a great influence over his constituency. He was once asked to stand as Liberal candidate for the Finsbury division, but he refused, saying to a friend, "How could I exchange the House of God for the House of Commons ? "

Mark Wilks, with his lion-like face and beautiful grey eyes, his charm of manner and speech, his genuine laugh and kindly smile, was an uncommon man. He was not only a great preacher, when the whole genius of the man came out, but he had an exceptional gift of prayer. Whitehouse often said that he had never heard a man who had such an uplifting influence in devotion. A friend heard Mark Wilks preach on one occasion when the sermon was great but the prayer greater. It

began under the solemn sense of much depression by reason of the sin and woe of human life, but the supplication rose from the valley of earth and time into the vision of great glory, and when he ended the prayer the congregation remained with bowed heads for some seconds. This man influenced Owen Whitehouse in his religious life more than anyone, gave him hope and help when he was most in need, and set his feet upon the rock of spiritual realities. Mark Wilks had a great respect for Owen's father, and was drawn in sympathy and regard to Owen, whom he held in high esteem for his ability and for his character.

It was while Whitehouse was teaching in the north of London and attending the ministry of Mark Wilks that, dissatisfied with philosophy and feeling his way through doubt and mist, he came to the conclusion that teaching was not his true vocation, and was greatly perplexed about his future course. He was reading *Sartor Resartus*, and on coming to the chapter on the " Everlasting Yea," he was led to realise the presence of God as he had never done before, and he could say, " Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE ; cast, doubtless by benignant upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven

and a new Earth. The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self, had been happily accomplished; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved." He knew that the voice of God called him to His service to proclaim "the everlasting yea" that was the divine message to men, the Gospel of Christ. All other doors of work seemed closed to him and the ministry was the one way for him to take. He resolved to accept the divine leading and to give himself to declare God's message to men as the work of his life.

Owen's father had been a student of Cheshunt College, and an interview with Dr. Reynolds, then the President, decided the son's place of training and began the relationship that deepened into a lasting friendship. Whitehouse entered the College in 1872 better equipped for the ministry than many men on leaving it. For him the intercourse with the other men strengthened his religious convictions—"Religion had found him," as Coleridge said, and growingly satisfied his whole nature. It was not a bundle of propositions, it was a divine life, a response of the heart, a spiritual experience that permeated his will and mind. The ministry was to him something more than a profession; it was a divine vocation, a sacred service undertaken in

obedience to a distinct call of God. Under the influence he had passed through he became more sure of God's personal dealing with him than of any other fact of life. Whitehouse valued those men who were most conscious of God's hold on their soul. For this reason he welcomed in later years the philosophy of Henri Bergson because he felt that it left room for God's hand in the soul of man and in the ordered movements of change.

Whitehouse entered fully into the life and spirit of his college and became one of her most loyal sons. He had no small-talk, but he raised the tone of conversation at meals, introducing lively discussions on all sorts of topics. He used to come to the room of one of the men when the weather was unfit for outdoor exercise, and they would read Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and talk of Buchanan, Rossetti, and Browning. A few of the men met weekly for a " thinkers' class," when one of the number introduced a question or subject for debate. In these gatherings Whitehouse shone and imparted his best thought. He never missed the weekly meeting for prayer held with the men of his year. On these occasions he gained and gave much help, and he came to value the opportunities of talk with God as much as intercourse with his fellow-students. All through his life he was a

man of prayer, and most beautifully and devoutly did he grow to express himself in supplication to the Father and Great Companion of our souls.

He threw himself with great zest into the "mock Parliament" held during the winter months. He spoke with vigour and ability on many occasions, and introduced into "the House" some important reforms. Throughout his career he took a great interest in politics; he was a true-hearted Liberal and Free-trader and a great admirer of W. E. Gladstone. He did not patronise sports, though he followed the fortunes of the College in football and cricket matches, and took eager note of the bowling and scores of the great W. G. Grace, whom he often went to watch in company with Lovett, whose underhand bowling was a terror to Whitehouse and the rest of the righteous who did not often disport themselves before the wicket. He took a lively interest in the fun of the house, and participated in many a practical joke. On the last occasion that some of the old men of his time met at Cambridge, Whitehouse recalled with glee some of the bygone experiences and told with much mirth what happened on a certain Sunday evening. One of the students, whose name was Ebenezer, returned from a village after a preaching engagement,

footsore and weary with a long walk. On entering the dining hall he was welcomed by a big, strong Yorkshireman, who lifted the little student up in his arms and said exultingly, "Here, I raise my Ebenezer!" Whitehouse keenly loved a good story or a witty remark: to an old friend whom he used to characterise as "full of sportive piety," he said almost the last time that they met, that life grew richer in blessing and experience as he advanced in years, but that the hilarity of college days, if less in the present time, was still one of the precious possessions of memory. It was yet more desirable to cultivate humour and laughter the older one grew; and then he bade adieu to his friend in gratitude for much laughter.

While at college occasional visits were paid to the theatre. On one of these exceptional calls at the playhouse—it was almost, if not quite, the first time for Whitehouse—he went to see Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in *Hamlet* at the Lyceum. The performance was deeply interesting, but on coming out Whitehouse remarked that though the interpretation of the play was good and worth seeing, the thing that struck him most was how infinitely greater was Shakespeare than the actors. The very best interpretation of Hamlet's character was inadequate to represent the wonderful

genius of the Prince of Denmark as revealed by the great dramatist. It was on this visitation that the staid and learned Whitehouse, with his companion (Joseph by name), was seen by a fellow-student from among the "gods," and the spy in the gallery returned and wrote a poem entitled, "The discovery of Joseph in the pit with one of his brethren." The quiet evening at the Lyceum was thus noised abroad as from the very housetop. But in the course of time, nothing daunted by this rough and rude comment on their doings, the two brethren went again—to see *Macbeth*, and again both were more impressed by the wonderful tragedy than by the acting. The actors seemed puppets in the parts that were too great for them; there was too much strut and stride in Irving and too little of Macbeth, who has something of real greatness besides the folly of vain ambition.

The present writer saw much of Whitehouse and for many reasons became greatly attached to him. When he settled among the poor of Bermondsey, Whitehouse would come down occasionally to cheer and inspire his comrade, taking the deepest interest in the work of this mission church.

The band of men who entered college with Whitehouse were fifteen in number, few of whom are left. One of these, George Shaw

Briggs, bears ample testimony to the happy memory of his college days with Whitehouse, to his good table talk and his skill in discussion with men who differed from him, and the long, pleasant walks when his appreciation of nature, books, and men made lasting impressions, which are difficult to reproduce but which abide among the things that cannot be lost. Joseph Martin, another man of his year, recalls how greatly superior in scholarship Whitehouse was to all the men who entered with him, but he put on no "side," and was brotherly with all. He had a keen sense of humour, and extorted fun out of the men's peculiarities without wounding anyone's feelings. He was deeply and genuinely spiritually-minded, though never demonstratively so. His sermons in class as in the College Chapel were chastened in style and packed full of thought, and his preaching was intense and arresting.

Several close and lifelong friendships date from those two years as a student at Cheshunt —with Lovett and Rhys Evans, who both lent their support on the occasion of his marriage in 1877; with Henry Bottomley, George Brock, and E. P. Rice, to mention but a few. The annual Cheshunt dinner in London and the reunions of old students held at the College every few years were a delight

to him, when men gathered from far and near to fraternise once more. There would be much discussion of present-day work and problems at home and abroad and many a talk of the good old days of yore. One of the many fine traits of Whitehouse's character was his fidelity to his old college chums. Whenever and wherever he met them the old fellowship was maintained exactly where it had been left off; no thread was broken, no strand loosened. He knew what was good and true and beautiful in literature and also in men. He valued the best in all the men he knew. He was only scornful and impatient of folly, idleness, and religious humbug. He was a great learner, a good teacher because "meek and lowly in heart." He had high and clear visions, and he believed in the application of them as the only remedies for social wrongs.

IV.

" What a varied experience you will have had when you are duly installed in your own parochial Tub! Student, gerund-stone twirler, student again—this time with the Saints—Private manipulator of the Birch, Evangelical Bagman as opportunity offered, Classical Examinee, to conclude with a course of Latitudinarianism at Leipsic! Gracious Powers! What wonder when you come back if old Mrs. Buggins of Bethesda smells heresy; deacon Stubbs shakes his head because you don't put the Gospel out plainly; and the leader of the opposition in the church meetings 'wishes he could feel quite sure that that young man believed in a Personal Devil?'" (*Letter to O. C. W. from an old schoolfellow*, 13. vi. 76.)

So runs a letter of congratulation to my father on his passing his M.A. in classics in the London University two years after leaving Cheshunt College. During those two years he had been acting as tutor to a boy at Caterham and reading classics with all his might. It was a rather lonely life, and something of a strain the achievement of this degree; even twenty years afterwards he used to dream of examination difficulties and mishaps. One relaxation which he allowed himself during the months of preparation was an occasional visit to the theatre. He had a warm though critical appreciation for Irving's

acting; he was also an admirer of Ellen Terry in those days and of Mrs. Crow.

Soon after leaving Cheshunt he became engaged to Margaret Maynard, to whom his thoughts had been turning more and more during his college days. She was then a girl of considerable capacity, a keen church-worker, with a bright sociable nature and a rather fine though not powerful voice. Then as always she had a pronounced dislike for any sort of falseness or sham and for all excess of sentimentality, lest this should involve insincerity by the expression of more than was genuinely felt. But for all her self-restraint she possessed a very warm heart which thenceforward was wholly devoted to her lover—for that he remained through all the years of their marriage.

That summer (1876) my father decided to take a theological course at the University of Bonn before finally settling in the home ministry. He had hoped at one time to become a missionary, but had been discouraged in this aspiration partly on grounds of health. In July, then, he betook himself to Germany, a Germany still in a state of truculent elation at her recent victories over Austria and France. The nine months which he spent there were perhaps the most crucial in his life as regards the formation of his out-

look and the broadening of his interests. But his quest was not merely for general culture; he had very definite aims in view.

"The policy which has guided me in my course in the last three years—quite apart from the high claims of culture—has been this: Have as many strings to your bow as possible. When I return all possible energy must be devoted to what Dr. Reynolds in a letter to me called the 'mighty art of preaching,' . . . When I settle I hope to use my knowledge in stimulating a higher and more intelligent Christian life than seems to prevail in England. The sacred duty of self-culture as a means to the highest Christian life will be the α and ω of much of my preaching. But it will be terribly hard work, I know." (*To his father*, 23. x. 76.)

In another letter to my grandfather about the same time, he says,

"My object is the pulpit, because its influence is wider and deeper [than teaching in a boys' school]. . . . As for our dissenting colleges, the more I think the more averse I feel to undertaking any work in connection with them, until the whole system is reorganised."

To my mother he wrote (2. xi. 76):

"I am convinced the effort I am making is a right one. . . . I am glad now I have entered on it. . . . Dr. Reynolds was strongly against the idea of my continuing my self-culture and several of my college friends were against it, but my calmest thoughts said otherwise and my father thought my decision a right one; and my poor mother, who was then not far from death, reminded me that our Saviour did not begin his ministry till he was thirty years old.

I have always felt that preaching is a very high task, and like all high tasks very difficult to do conscientiously. The Bible is a very mysterious and awful book, though it contains much that is simple. The more I read and think, the more does its unparalleled grandeur and

profound significance strike me. I am thankful now to have some leisure to think about it. My course of study has led me to study other literatures, and now I come to the solemn task of studying the Hebrew literature.

. . . Is it a light task this of expounding the Bible when so much is controverted and discussed, and when men of the profoundest learning and the most piercing intellect utterly deny a great deal contained in it, so that the very basis of religion is destroyed? And yet Sunday after Sunday in the midst of all this, and very likely before many who are themselves disbelievers, I am to expound the Bible to the best of my ability and deliver the Message of Life and Death! Woe to me if I am ill-equipped for the task or deal dishonestly with my vocation! . . . You are also, I hope, preparing yourself, and the interval which remains before our marriage is not unprofitably employed."

(On his advice my mother was attending Professor Seeley's lectures on modern history.)

On reaching Bonn at the beginning of July my father at once got into touch with Professor Christlieb, though his university work would not begin till the following October. The intervening months were devoted to acquiring a sound working knowledge of German, which was essential to the fulfilment of his programme. So his letters of the next few weeks reveal simply the intelligent young Briton watching with keen interest the life of a foreign city, now criticising, now approving things Teutonic, delighting whole-heartedly in the beautiful music which one can hear so frequently in German towns, exploring the

lovely Siebengebirge and the windings of the Ahr amid forest and vine-clad hills, and gradually collecting a varied assortment of friends. In a letter to his sister (3. ix. 76) he describes the general flag-wagging and patriotic bombast of the *Sedanfeier* on September 2nd, " to be for ever chalked up in the German calendar." Far more to his taste was a Catholic procession witnessed at a village just outside Bonn, in which the priest in full vestments walked beneath a canopy, followed by servers bearing candles, male choristers, boy acolytes ringing bells, and white-clad girls carrying ears of corn and bunches of grapes and flowers. The reverent demeanour of the Catholic population and their picturesque open-air ceremonies and wayside altars pleased him greatly. " The *Gavellar-Fest*," he writes in the same letter, " took place a few Sundays ago, and an altar was erected in the Sandkaul itself [where he lived], and I watched the scene from my windows ; and very amusing it was. For just as the priest was mumbling some stuff or other and the boys were chanting, an ass harnessed to a cart close by brayed with all its might in spite of a woman who belaboured it with religious zeal."

Among the friends made during the early days at Bonn was Karl Klingemann, then a

senior *Gymnasiast* (high-school boy), who later rose to high preferment in the *Evangelische Kirche,* becoming *Generalsuperintendent der Rheinprovinz,* a position approximating to that of bishop. This connection was kept up throughout my father's life, letters being exchanged at long intervals till the Great War intervened. Then there were Belinger, a classical student with a passion for Mozart, whose operas he would strum on a guitar; Wesseldyk, a Dutchman of rather eccentric habits who was studying German literature; and a Westphalian named Müller, of whom my father writes:

"Like almost all young Germans of the middle class he shows the splendid results of gymnasial training. I do not suppose that he is naturally remarkably intelligent, but I am bound to say he is far better informed in most branches—geography, European history, yes, even history of England—than the average Oxford or Cambridge freshman." (*To my mother,* 2. xi. 76.)

Before long my father became profoundly impressed by the thoroughness and efficiency of German methods of education.

"My stay in Rhein-Preussen," he wrote to my grandfather in October," has made me very dissatisfied with England altogether. Here I have a spectacle of the most intelligent nation the world has ever seen and for that reason the best fitted for free institutions, and yet with the exception of some malcontent Catholics this nation readily and cheerfully submits to a heavy and stringent legislative system. This stringency no doubt goes to an extreme. *Polizei-Strafe* [lit. police penalties] may be inflicted for offences that would

seem to us trivial. Yet this high culture is partly the result of this stringent discipline. Everywhere, in family life, in the *Elementar-Schule*, in the *Gymnasium*, there is the same spirit of obedience. . ."

So forty years ago that process of mental and moral drilling had begun in Germany, which later developed tendencies utterly detestable to my father's democratic soul, though of law and order he was always an advocate. To my grandfather he wrote (8. xii. 76) :

"When will Parliament begin to deal earnestly with the other end of our Education system—namely, our Universities? Here in Germany with the payment of £90 a year a man can live very comfortably and secure the advantage of the finest education to be had anywhere in the world. In England the two chief universities seem to exist simply for the sake of the wealthy and of the clericals. The style of living is absurdly high and fosters that luxurious habit of life which in England is supposed to befit a gentleman."

At any rate his formal entry into the University of Bonn was simple in the extreme. "Last Saturday," he wrote (23. x. 76), "the ceremony of *Immatriculation* took place. I signed my name and paid 18 marks, and then shook hands with the rector. Each new student did this in turn."

As *evangelischer Theolog* my father attended the lectures of Cnristlieb on the Epistles of Timothy and Titus, and those of Kamphausen on the Psalms.

"I must confess," he writes (16. i. 77), "that my

interest in both is not very great. The first has absolutely no originality, and all that he can say which is valuable I can get from the pages of Hutter's Commentary, except when he happens to differ from Hutter. As for Kamphausen he reads much too fast, it seems to me. Three Psalms are frequently got over in the course of three-quarters of an hour, and points are touched on much too lightly to be of much profit. Still, it is a stimulus to me to pursue my studies in Hebrew, for which unfortunately I have not over much time. There is one lecture which comes every Wednesday, and which possesses the greatest interest for me, and that is Prof. Bona Meyer on Kant. He speaks rapidly—yet very clearly, and his exposition is also very clear."

In another letter (2. ii. 77) he describes a walk with Kamphausen—they marched up and down the railway station to avoid the snow!

"Prof. Kamphausen belongs to the liberal party of theologians in Germany. He always regards religion, as it appears to me, purely from the standpoint of *Wissenschaft* [science]. For preaching and practical religion generally, I fear he has not much sympathy. In this respect he is a great contrast to Prof. Christlieb, whose heart is in every true Christian movement and whose very look gives one the impression of sound bodily as well as mental health. Prof. K., on the other hand, cannot recognise a student even at the distance of three yards, even with his spectacles on—so shortsighted is he; he walks with his body inclined forward and feet exactly parallel, and his voice is a continual groan. Still, he is capable of humour, and he can laugh though only languidly."

Kamphausen amused his companions by an account of a lecture given by Horatio Nelson Darby in execrable German on the Marriage at Cana, "which was explained as

typical of the marriage of the Lamb in heaven." Usener, Professor of Greek, is described in another letter (*to my mother*, 2. xi. 76) as "a short thick-set man with long black beard, black disordered locks—a very energetic face and a voice of thunder. If there is a chair near him, woe to the chair! The minutest point of criticism is discussed with such tremendous *verve* that one would suppose the world's destiny hung upon it."

From the outset my father joined as far as possible in the life of the University. In July he attended the funeral celebrations of the great Teutonic philologist, Karl Simrock; "it was one of the most solemn pageants I have ever witnessed." He describes (23. vii. 76) the immense procession of two or three thousand advancing to slow music played by a band at the head; immediately in front of the hearse walked the officiating priest—an Old-Catholic—with a crucifix preceding him. "There was something to me deeply moving in that mute yet eloquent symbol of all our hopes heralding the way to the tomb and the bright hereafter." Later, after the service at the graveside, "military banners . . . drooped over the grave, and the air was still and the sun shone from a cloudless sky as the 'Beati mortui' and the 'Ruhe sanft in deiner Gruft' [rest gently in thy grave] rose into the

air. The beauty of the singing, the glorious daylight, and the immense silent throng produced an impression which will never fade away."

A later letter (27. xii. 76) describes a *Commerz*, or social meeting of students, where he met a student of oriental languages " who had studied not only Hebrew but also Arabic, Syriac, Ethiopic, and was now beginning Sanskrit ! . . . Next to him sat a *Student Theolog* in military uniform, with a weather-beaten face and long beard. He wore four medals of battles he had been engaged in in the year '70-71. One of them was Gravelotte. Next to him was another student in uniform—he looked much younger and was evidently going through his course of military training." About thirty professors sat at a long table at right angles to the other tables. " Each man had a glass of beer in front of him, and a copy of the songs to be sung. . . Between the songs came speeches. . . These *Commerz* meetings last on till the small hours in the morning. More beer is drunk than is good for the students. . .

" The next evening I went by the invitation of Rothstein, my Orientalist friend, to a meeting of the *Theologischer Verein* [society], where one of the members was to read a paper on Baptism. With our English ideas of

procedure there is something comical in each member having his glass of beer and lighting his cigar before commencing proceedings. . ."

My father found his chief diversion during these strenuous months in the concerts at the Beethoven-Halle—his friend Belinger had inspired him with something of his own intense admiration for Mozart's operas—and in an occasional trip to Cologne. The first time he went with his Dutch friend Wesseldyk, who had seen fit to shave his head entirely, to my father's great disgust. In February he went over to see the Carnival, having been told " that in the ' holy Köln ' *Carneval* is celebrated with as much pomp and glory as in the Italian capital." On the whole he seems to have felt something like contempt for the rather elephantine gaiety of the Germans, though the procession itself amused him a good deal. " One enormous vehicle carried a dog show. . . One was a *Friseur-Congress* [barbers' congress]—a take-off of the Constantinople Congress. At an open window stands Bismarck and declines to aid their deliberations. Another huge vehicle represented Chinese with long pigtails swinging on ropes and poles—some of the Chinamen in an inverted position, and as the vehicle shook a good deal they seemed to be in a lively state of trepidation."

In the religious life of the German people he was deeply interested, referring to this subject again and again in his letters.

"Among the educated classes," he writes to his father (10. ix. 76), "I am afraid there is very little [religion]. Herr Andries . . . said once to me, 'What strikes us Germans as strange is the piety (*Frömmigkeit*) of you English. For myself I have no religion.' The English and the Scotch especially are regarded by the Germans as fanatical. . . .

But among the merchants and tradespeople Christianity may be said to prevail. These are the sort of people who go to the *Evangelische Kirche*. The poorest people and the large mass of the Rheinland population are strong Catholics. I have often been awestruck on entering a Roman Catholic Church at the intense devoutness which these people show in their worship. There are also Old-Catholics, and this place is their centre. . ."

In another letter to my grandfather (25. xi. 76) he describes a talk with Professor Christlieb:

"Our conversation turned on the 'Bible or No Bible' question in our national education. I told him that the policy of the National Education League was to shut out the Bible from the Government Schools, and to delegate religious teaching to purely voluntary effort. 'Then let me tell you,' he said, 'that the result will be that the children will get scarcely any scriptural knowledge at all. The Voluntary Schools in America are in this respect a complete failure. When I was over there I asked grown up boys of sixteen simple questions, such as who Esau's father was, and I could not get right answers—while here in Germany children of six would give accurate replies.'

In Germany *Religionsunterricht* [religious instruction] is given in all governmental schools. In the *Gymnasium* there are special teachers for this, and, just as

there are separate Evangelical (*i.e.* Protestant) and Catholic faculties in the University, so there are separate Evangelical and Catholic teachers in the *Gymnasium.*"

"To anyone who has believed in religion—who has in himself a real religious faith—life in a German University town is a very painful strain. It seems to me that a real strong Christian faith does not exist in Germany. You have ignorant superstition among the Catholic population (chiefly poor people) on the one hand, and absolute disbelief in the Christian religion on the other. Between these two there is something which calls itself an Evangelical Church and a something which calls itself an Orthodox Lutheran Church. The only form of Protestantism which exists here is the Evangelical Church, and this includes Unitarians as well as orthodox Christians. It is, as far as I can make out, a very languid thing indeed. A preacher is to a large extent a learned mummy! As for going out into the streets and preaching and attempting to convert people, that is utterly unknown, and in the Church itself I have never heard a single word of the practical application of the Bible to real life. . . .

Then again, among the large proportion of educated people there is very little religion—and I fear by consequence no deep morality. I feel sometimes, in this atmosphere of high culture with weak religious impulses, among a people of enormous intellectual industry and incessant metaphysical speculation, as if I was swinging through Eternity on a tight-rope, and woe to me if the rope should snap! for I should be flung into a chaos of utter religious disbelief and despair. The latest conclusions of German philosophy are the most mournful and even terrible that a man can well conceive.

I do not write this to scare you. I trust my faith in all that I have ever held true in the Divine Revelation is as strong as ever—perhaps may be even stronger—for the results of disbelief only furnish a more cogent argument for the necessity of a strong real Christianity.

In fact, I long to be back in England again and to open my heart to human needs and the healing influences

of the Gospel. . ." (*To my mother, then his betrothed,* 13. xii. 76.)

" On Christmas eve," he writes (27. xii. 76), " I heard a splendid Gospel Christmas sermon . . . in the Catholic *Minsterkirche* in Bonn. There was more spiritual power and practical value in this than in any sermon I have yet heard in Germany."

The high reputation of German education in those days attracted numbers of foreign students to the German universities, and there was a cosmopolitan tone about Bonn which my father greatly appreciated. From his fellow-students he was able to learn much about their respective countries, and occasionally feeling ran high in the discussion of foreign policy. At dinner at the *Bürgerverein* he used to sit at a small table with an old German on his right, two Belgians on his left, and two Americans opposite.

" Last Sunday," he writes to his sister (8. ii. 77), " only one of them [the Belgians] was there. . . . I exchanged a few winged words with him. . . . He was a pleasant, bright sort of fellow—told me he had come here to study law. He does not seem to like the Germans much."

My father confessed to liking them fairly well if only they were not so arrogant, which reply

" . . . chimed in well with the inclinations of my interlocutor. From all I have seen of foreigners, and from all I have read I should reckon the Germans the

best-hated nation in Europe. They are disliked in Holland, disliked in Belgium, naturally enough detested in Denmark and France, and in Russia and Hungary they are exceedingly unpopular. This is the penalty of power, especially when it has been successful. We English are by no means popular on the Continent, and I expect for much the same reason. Our unpopularity, however, takes more the shape of ridicule than of positive dislike. Rich milord with his telescope and bad French is one of the characters in Auber's opera *Fra Diavolo.*

My Belgian friend was exceedingly anxious that I should say a good word for France, and asked me which of the two nationalities was best liked in England. I said it would be very hard to say. Since the Crimean War we had been good friends of France, and her heroic efforts and misfortunes in the war of 1870 excited our sympathy. But we were on the other hand bound to Prussia because Prussia was Protestant, and France's leanings towards Russia made us seek a closer connection with Germany."

It must be remembered that just then Russia's designs in the Balkans were arousing profound suspicion both in England and Germany. In a letter to my grandfather (12. xi. 76) he says: "I am glad so strong a man as the Marquis of Salisbury has been chosen to represent England at the approaching Conference. . . Gladstone and the *Daily News* have altogether in this Eastern Question exhibited a spectacle of great weakness. . . He seems to me to have tried to make political capital out of Turkish outrages without reference to much larger issues involved as between Europe and Russia. Germans, being near neighbours of

Russia, have good reason to know far more about Russia than Englishmen can, and they know well that Pan-slavism means the disruption of Austria as well as Turkey, and a very serious menace to Europe." So to meet the supposed menace of Pan-slavism, Germany proceeds to set up a rival menace to the peace of Europe—Pan-germanism, and the last state of things is far worse than the first. The tension then felt in Germany appears from a letter to my mother, written in October, 1876:

"If one is to believe all one reads in German newspapers, we are probably on the eve of a tremendous conflict which will involve Russia, Austria and England directly, and indirectly perhaps Italy. Germany seems determined to be neutral, and from what I can see has very little liking for England. It is very easy to see that Germans are intensely jealous of us. We are such a strong naval power that neither Russia nor Germany can touch England. As a German himself confessed to me, 'Your fleet is so strong that we must leave you alone.' Our commercial superiority excites also their envy. Our bad education and our *Frömmelei und Heuchelei* (cant and hypocrisy) excite their contempt. Of Russia on the other hand they have great suspicion and fear, which they cunningly disguise under the form of respect. Russia is making immense progress in self-consolidation. In time her army will be as powerful as that of Germany, and if Germany irritates her she has only to give the word to France, and Germany will be attacked on both sides at the same time. This the Germans know very well, and hence the obsequious tone with which they speak of Russia as a general rule. The chief exception is the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which is not an 'inspired' paper, *i.e.* does not expound the views and policy of Bismarck."

The letter goes on to express disgust at " the mistake of identifying our interests with a rotten Mohammedan Empire " in the Balkans. The whole subject is of peculiar interest in view of subsequent events.

With wars and rumours of war in the air, the attitude of young Germany towards conscription struck my father a good deal. In a letter to my mother (26. i. 77) he describes how Karl Klingemann, glowing with patriotism,

" hopes to serve in the next war in which the Germans engage. He is now only seventeen, and the way in which he speaks compares strangely with the tone in which a young *Jurist* talked to me on the same subject. So far from looking forward to it with any satisfaction, he said to me : ' Every five years we have a war, and the next one may be a long and severe one. I shall then have to serve, and perhaps be shot, and then all the pains I have bestowed on self-culture go for nothing.' This is the difference between seventeen and twenty-three. My sympathies naturally went altogether with the latter. . . . Yet far be it from me to decry patriotism. That of Germany is certainly a mighty force in the land, and prompts its people to noble sacrifices. Really this three-years military training for the whole male population has many good results to recommend it, and I would fain see a modified form of it introduced into England, if it were only to spite Mr. Richard and the Peace Society and cure the prevalence of round shoulders. It would be a mild corrective to that miserable lust for money. . ."

When the question of compulsory military service arose in 1915, my father was opposed to it, except as a last resort when the voluntary

system had failed to produce a large enough number of troops.

My father returned to England in March, 1877. Though he had made many friends in Germany and had learnt to admire certain German methods and institutions, he was never pro-German in his politics. He had seen enough of German aspirations to know that England must be on her guard against every form of Teutonic rivalry ; therefore he was always strongly opposed to any reduction of British naval armaments—of our becoming involved in a great land war he had, of course, no premonition.

His stay in Germany had opened his eyes to the sceptical criticism which was being applied more and more to the Bible and to matters of Christian faith, and gradually it became the task of his life to reconcile faith and knowledge. An unreasoned faith seemed to him reprehensible, simply the outcome of mental apathy. And so a few months later he was drawn into the work of providing an educated ministry, men who should be able to face the doubts and questions of a sceptical age.

His work at Bonn was destined to bear fruit. Thenceforward he was a keen student of German theology, and kept pace with new ideas in that department, carefully perusing the *Theologische Literaturzeitung*. In the very

early days of his teaching at Cheshunt College he derived great help from Schrader's *Keilinschriften und das Alte Testament* in preparing notes on the Hebrew text of Isaiah, and he soon conceived the project of translating this valuable work as soon as a second edition should appear. By the end of 1881 he had got into touch with Schrader, to whom he soon became warmly attached. Like Dillmann, Wellhausen and Cheyne, Schrader had been a student of Heinrich Ewald at Göttingen (1856-59), and later he became Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Berlin and a member of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences. His great work on the Cuneiform inscriptions, published in 1872, revealed the important bearing of Assyriology upon Old Testament studies. The second and enlarged edition appeared in 1882, and this, with additions and improvements by Schrader himself, was translated with preface and notes by my father.* While the work of translation was in progress a copious correspondence was carried on, Dr. Schrader's amazing handwriting and quaint and varied styles of address perturbing the local postman at frequent intervals. In 1885 Schrader spent some weeks in London and came to visit us in Cheshunt—

* See Bibliography, p. 186; also Appreciation by Mr. S. A. Cook, p. 162.

a quaint, kindly, human old book-worm, with ruffled hair and an impressive pointed collar. The friendship with Schrader was kept up till his death, in 1908, closed a life of which the last thirteen years were clouded with great suffering and weakness. Thereafter the relation was continued up till 1914 by his son, who was greatly delighted with my father's obituary notice of Dr. Schrader in the *Expository Times* (of December, 1910), which he confessed to having " read with tears, so true and faithful is the whole account." Perhaps my father caught something of Schrader's meticulous carefulness and extreme caution in arriving at conclusions, also of his generosity towards opponents, wherein he differed so markedly from many of his compatriots.

At long intervals my father revisited Germany, where he always felt very much at home. In 1880 he spent a few weeks at Bonn, where he learned with profound sorrow that his friend Belinger had recently taken his own life. In 1899 he took one of his daughters over to spend the summer *en pension* in the home of a pastor living at Bad Soden, among the beautiful forest-clad Taunus mountains. Before his return he spent a few days at Heidelberg, where he met with much kindness from Professor Adolf Deissmann; while there he heard Professor

Klaatsch lecture on his theory of human origins. Two years later he took his daughter to spend another summer in Germany, this time at Goslar on the borders of the Harz mountains. The surrounding scenery pleased him greatly, as did the mediæval quaintness of the little town, with its ornately-timbered buildings and narrow cobbled streets and market-place. His last visit to Germany was made the following year, when he attended the Oriental Congress at Hamburg in September. Here he met with many congenial spirits. Among others he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, of Cambridge, with whom he remained on cordial terms till the end of his life. One item in the programme he enjoyed enormously, a performance of Wagner's *Walkyrie* in the opera-house.

* * * * * *

"It is a fine exalting thought, to serve *one* Master in England, in Germany, or wherever in the world it may be; therein lies the foundation of a community stretching far beyond the bounds of land or speech, and uniting all together who are in the service of this one Lord. In this community I know I am united with you though we should never see each other again in this world." (*Trans. of letter from Pf. Stahl, of Bad Soden, to O. C. W.*, September, 1899.)

V.

" May the New Year be bright with the revelations to us of the Father's love and that will open our eyes to truth, to duty, to life. God bless you and your dear wife and children through the unforeseen and unknown, which is altogether known and provided for us by Him."
(*Dr. Reynolds to O. C. W., undated.*)

" In view of the flippant rationalism, which is the greatest enemy of Christ's Kingdom, nothing is so powerful a weapon as deep and accurate knowledge combined with an intense realisation of Divine truth."
(*O. C. W. to my mother,* 2. vii. 76.)

In the summer of 1877 the Trustees and Committee of Cheshunt College invited my father to take up the duties of " professor " of Classics and tutor in Hebrew and German. It was a task for which he was singularly well fitted, and one likely to prove congenial in view of his deep respect and affection for Dr. Reynolds. Accordingly after due consideration he accepted the post with the prospect of beginning work in the following autumn. On September 4th he was married to Annie Margaret Maynard, younger daughter of the late Robert Maynard of Tottenham and Leadenhall Street ; the marriage service, at Park Chapel, Crouch End, was conducted by the bridegroom's father and the Rev. John

Corbin, formerly minister of the church, Mr. Lovett acting as "best man." After a short stay in Sussex my father and mother settled in Cheshunt, where they lived for the next twenty-eight years. At the opening meeting of the new term my father and his colleague, Mr. Henry Wells, were ordained to the Christian ministry by Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Allon and Dr. Newth also taking part. In the course of his replies my father set forth his reasons for accepting the position at the College. "My desire was to fill the pulpit and to use it as a means of making men feel Christianity as an intellectual as well as an emotional force. . . . But further reflection convinced me that perhaps even a larger field was afforded me for the attainment of my ultimate end by becoming a teacher in one of our ministerial colleges. . . . I long to fill my young friends here with a sense of the glory and dignity of working earnestly, patiently and methodically in the attainment of knowlege. I am growingly convinced that until men feel the imperious claims of culture and regard it as a holy vocation; until Christian ministers emphasise the necessity of it as a means to the realisation of a larger and nobler Christian life, the Christian ministry will infallibly sink in its positive value as a factor in our national progress. . . . In

view of the vastly improved methods of education brought to bear on large masses of our population, it assuredly becomes the necessity of the Church of Christ that her ministers should be men of intellectual energy and enterprise, that they should be men of high vigorous culture." These ideals my father kept steadily in view throughout his whole career.

The constitution of Cheshunt College requires a word of explanation, for it differs widely from that of any college in the older universities which is controlled by its Master and Fellows, who themselves comprise in the main its teaching and administrative staff. Cheshunt College (as it came to be called) was founded by Selina Countess of Huntingdon to train those who were to carry on the great evangelistic movement of the latter part of the eighteenth century to which the Countess entirely devoted herself. It was opened at Trevecca House, Talgarth, Brecon, on August 24th, 1768, George Whitefield, her chaplain, preaching the inaugural sermon. The Countess was responsible alone for its maintenance. On her death in 1791 the task of supporting the College devolved upon the "Apostolic Society," previously established under her patronage, and seven trustees were appointed. She had only a life-interest in her income, and

was therefore unable to endow the College, the need being met by the contributions of friends. The next year the College was moved to Cheshunt. Now our foundress and her coadjutors had not formally seceded from the Church of England until 1782. Fifteen Articles* were then drawn up, to which the trust deed of the College required that trustees, tutors, and students should subscribe. Though the Articles were decidedly Calvinistic in character the trust deed shows great breadth of outlook, for ministers outside the Countess's Connexion may be consulted by the trustees as to the appointment of tutors or the admission of students, and students are "at full and free liberty" to "serve in the Established Church, or other Churches of Christ" at home or abroad. From 1822 onwards the following declaration of the trustees and committee appears in the Annual Report :—

"The object of this Institution is not to serve the interests of a party; but to promote the extension of the kingdom of Immanuel, by the Publication of His glorious Gospel, and the Doctrines of His Grace; and the young men who are educated at Cheshunt College are left entirely free in their choice of the denomination of Christians among whom they may prefer to exercise their Ministry."

* The Articles were printed in the Annual Reports of the College till the year 1899 (inclusive).

To the spirit of this declaration Cheshunt College has remained loyal throughout its history.

As regards finance, Cheshunt College is poorly endowed, the students' fees are of necessity moderate, and a large proportion of the income is derived from private subscriptions, in the main contributed at the present time by Congregationalists. Up till 1906 the management of the College was in the hands of the seven trustees (who co-opted to fill vacancies), assisted by a committee chosen from amongst the subscribers at their annual meeting. The tutors were *ex officio* members of the committee which numbered from forty to fifty. The subsequent history of the College will be referred to later.

At the time when my father took up his duties at the College it was prospering exceedingly under Dr. Reynolds's wise and saintly influence, and he threw himself heart and soul into his new work. He was a careful and painstaking teacher, most eager for the progress of his students ; to the backward or slow pupil who was anxious to improve he would give constant help and encouragement, but from the first he was uncompromising towards any form of slackness. If Dr. Reynolds was the spiritual inspiration of many generations of Cheshunt students, my

father and the late W. A. Todhunter provided the driving force for any who might have been tempted to take advantage of their President's very gentleness of disposition. Mr. Todhunter became "professor" of philosophy and mathematics in the College in 1885. My father's acquaintance with him began by his coaching him in German; they subsequently became firm friends and remained so during all the years that they were associated on the staff. Mr. Todhunter was a rather shy, reticent man, of scholarly habits, sound judgment, and quiet, dry humour, and withal a great lover of music. One summer he and my father, with another friend, took a walking tour in Switzerland (referred to on p. 123), when my father wrote to my mother (14. viii. 90):

"As for Todhunter, he and I have got on capitally. We differ in opinion frequently, once or twice vehemently but it certainly will not cool our friendship. We have indeed been brought into about as close contact as two men can be, often sharing the same bedroom and being with each other every hour of the day."

In those days, before the era of electric trams and intensive cultivation under glass, Cheshunt was a quiet arcadian spot, a paradise of flowers in summer set off by the cool, deep shade of many trees. The College buildings, half-a-mile beyond the little town and a mile from the railway, stood just above

the New River and the grounds lay for some distance along its green-turfed bank. It was a place where one might dwell in great peace, and the simple, affectionate, almost brotherly tone of the little college circle is a very grateful memory to all who shared it. The yearly photographic groups of the eighties are thoroughly characteristic—they suggest a sort of patriarchal system under a most dignified and gracious leader, Dr. Reynolds. There he sits in the centre with Mrs. Reynolds and the other College ladies on either side, Mr. Todhunter and my father standing close behind with two or three rows of students ; in the foreground are the tutors' small children in the careful keeping of their chosen friends from among the students, while completing the group at one side stands the gardener, rake in hand.

The Anniversary of the College, which closed the academic year at the end of June, was always a great and festive occasion, when friends gathered from far and near. The chapel could not accommodate so many, a large window used therefore to be removed and a temporary pulpit was erected across the space in such a way that the preacher addressed a bisected audience, presenting his left profile to his hearers within the flower-decked chapel, his right to a larger number

seated beneath a great awning in the quadrangle outside. This most original service over, the congregation betook themselves to luncheon in the College hall (or sometimes in a marquee), which was followed by many speeches. Later in the afternoon came an address to the students, often by some distinguished layman or Anglican divine, and a distribution of prizes and certificates with a lavish hand which sent hardly a single student empty away. Those were good old times indeed, when proceedings bore the homely stamp of that simple piety and good fellowship which are part and parcel of the traditions of Cheshunt College.

Another annual event was the visit in spring of a deputation of returned missionaries from the London Missionary Society, who received a most hearty welcome in the College, especially were they old students, as was often the case. They would spend several days in the neighbourhood, and did much to stimulate the students' interest in missionary work and acquaint them with its difficulties and developments—nearly half the men in the College have always been candidates for the mission field. My father was an enthusiast for foreign missions, indeed he sometimes longed to give up his position at home and become a missionary in India, like

his father and grandfather before him. All his life long he was an ardent supporter of the London Missionary Society, serving for many years as a Director.

Almost from the outset he devoted a large part of his vacations and any time he could spare in term to literary work. Between the years 1879 and 1883 he collaborated with Dr. Reynolds in the preparation of notes on *Hosea* and *Amos* for Bishop Ellicott's *Old Testament Commentary for English Readers*, undertaking the introduction and textual criticism while Dr. Reynolds dealt with the exegesis. Then followed the Schrader translation already alluded to. Thenceforward till the end of his life he always had in hand some task or other connected with Old Testament studies. This side of his activity is dealt with in full by Mr. Stanley A. Cook in the Appreciation which he contributes to this volume (see p. 157). "All his friends will regret," writes Professor Peake, of the Victoria University, Manchester (letter of 18. v. 16), "that the claims of other duties so faithfully discharged did not leave him more time for the enrichment of our theological literature." Such work was done in Cheshunt under difficulties, too, for it took much time to get to the British Museum, where many a strenuous day was spent in the reading-room. That

magnificent library and many of the collections were a source of constant wonder and delight to my father, whose democratic soul rejoiced in the fact that all was national property.

His strong democratic principles found expression in various ways. Cheshunt was a conservative little place, and but for the presence of the College on its outskirts, Liberalism and Nonconformity would have been at a discount there. My father was a keen Liberal, an adherent rather of Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Imperialists than of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Little-England party, though he was always a strong Home-Ruler. Whenever there was a parliamentary election in East Herts. he did his utmost in the Liberal interest, knowing the while that such efforts were foredoomed to failure—can any sound Liberalism come out of the home counties? As regards urban politics, he was instrumental in the early days in forming a local ratepayers' association, he worked hard for the local Nonconformist element in the administration of the Beaumont charity and the Dewhurst school, and served for many years on the committee of the British school. As a member of the Education Committee of the Hertfordshire County Council he devoted much time and

thought to the question of religious instruction in primary schools after the passing of Mr. Balfour's Education Act, to the principles of which he was hotly opposed. The Dean of Lincoln (the Very Rev. T. C. Fry, D.D., formerly Headmaster of Berkhampstead School, Herts.) writes as follows (in a letter of 24. vi. 16) :

"Your father . . . consented to join with me, at the request of the Hertfordshire Education Authority, in order to draw up a syllabus of religious teaching, a list of hymns, and a few simple prayers, for use in Council Schools.

"I think I may say we were successful in satisfying the Committee. There was a little difference of opinion, not between your father and myself, but between us and one or two members who regarded our unity in respect of Old Testament teaching as suspicious.

"But apart from this and with the support of those who really understood the question we carried our scheme, and I am told it worked well.

"I do think your father and I much enjoyed our collaboration. I was in favour of more definite choice in the hymns perhaps ; and once we differed over some editing of one verse ; but always in a friendly way.

"Your father was hopeful that we had reached a syllabus that might have been accep-

ted by all schools. I never got to that point. So far as much Scripture teaching went, we were a good way on the road ; but of course legislation, or perhaps the interpretation put on legislation by the timidity or occasional suspicions of Local Education Authorities, prevented our ever tackling the more difficult question of definite doctrinal teaching. Since then certain leaders of Church and Nonconformity in conference have come much nearer together and formulated the scope of agreement and difference. On that your father and I might have built a schedule of toleration, yet of definiteness ; but events took him away to Cambridge and me to Lincoln."

The religious welfare of the county he had very much at heart. In 1892-3 he was Chairman of the Hertfordshire Congregational Union, and came into close touch with many a minister who was leading a life of great devotion and self-sacrifice in the smaller towns and villages. For all such apostles of struggling causes he had the greatest sympathy and admiration, and did all in his power to help them. Eight or nine small village chapels which could not afford to raise a minister's stipend were dependent on the College ; the students used to preach there Sunday by Sunday, two of the seniors having special charge of each and bearing the proud

title of "dean." Perhaps my father was at his best as a preacher among country folk, for he loved them well, and was always welcome in their homes. He never attempted to patronise even the humblest, treating his cottage hostess with the same deference which he paid to every lady, whatever her worldly estate.

Later, as President of the College, my father had oversight of these village stations; his sense of affectionate responsibility is shown in the following letter which he wrote (1. x. 98) to the church and congregation of Stanstead Abbotts:

"My dear Friends,—The news which reached me during the midsummer vacation of the results of the Mission services conducted in Stanstead Abbotts by four of my young brethren has filled me with great joy and thankfulness. The glad tidings which I received of the nineteen [subsequently increased to 29] who have given their hearts to Christ was made the subject of special prayer at our September Communion service in the College Chapel, and it has constantly been an object of my own earnest prayer to God that all those who have testified their devotion to Christ and have surrendered their lives to Him might be kept faithful in their allegiance.

To the Church members I would now say: Make the Church a true home of God, where these young disciples of the Lord shall have a cordial welcome and feel that they now belong to a true household of faith and love. I trust that each of them will find some work of Divine and Holy service to do for their Master in the ministries and activities of the Church. When Paul was converted by the Voice that spoke to him on the way to Damascus

his first cry was, ' Lord, what wouldest thou have me to *do* ? ' If any of them are absent from Stanstead I would strongly urge the desirability of praying for them individually and by name by every Church member in private and also when the Church meets together. Let every absent one feel that he or she is surrounded and protected by an invisible shield of prayer and affectionate sympathy of loving hearts who are always thinking of them in Stanstead.

To you who have decided for Christ and for Eternal Life I would say that nothing has given me greater joy since I have come to Cheshunt College than this clear testimony that the Holy Spirit of God is working effectually through the ministrations of our students. May you, my dear friends, realise that you, as the Servants of Christ, are the guardians of His honour. Men will judge of the religion of Christ by the life—the words and the deeds—of those who profess it. You are now the Soldiers of the Cross. You maintain the honour of the Cross, just as every soldier in the Queen's Regiments maintains the honour of the flag and of the country he serves. Pray daily, pray often, pray *earnestly* to your Lord and King, that His power may keep you steadfast and loyal amid all the trials and temptations to which his servants are subject.

What a solemn Communion you will be having to-day and how full of joy ! All things are possible to him that believeth and prayeth. Pray that the blessings which you have enjoyed may spread to Nazing, to Hertford Heath, and to us also in Cheshunt. The gifts which God bestows on us we realise most fully when they are shared with others.

Rejoicing with you in all that has happened in your midst and praying that God may continue to bless you abundantly,

I am,

Your affectionate Pastor,

OWEN C. WHITEHOUSE."

The church at Stanstead grew and flourished,

and was able a few years later to support a minister of its own.

My father's attitude towards democracy in religious institutions is clearly evident in his sympathetic interest in the Robert Browning Settlement, Walworth. Its Warden, the Rev. F. Herbert Stead, for many of whose ideals he had a warm admiration, first visited the College at the time of the foundation of the settlement in 1895. Mr. Stead succeeded in communicating a little of his enthusiasm to some of the students and townspeople of Cheshunt, who became his ardent supporters in the years that followed. On his visits to Browning Hall, as also by addressing working class congregations, my father came into touch with that great mass of the poor, who toil and strive and so rarely cry out in their pain. Yet the voice of their sorrow was in his ears, perhaps more than anyone was aware.

"Reapers toil on, though the minutes of day are but few,
For all toil there is guerdon at last, far away lies the prize that is due
Enshrined in God's heart. It is yours! long due, never yet paid!
Life's largest dues are all owing—long, O God, long delayed!
Ye crucified millions of toilers, I see you far back in the ages,
Athwart all horizons there stand those crosses revealed to the sages

And every eye that discerns. Ah, tragedy long-drawn
of sorrow,
Toil unrewarded, guerdons stolen! only ceaseless toil
on the morrow,
Hunger and thirst ye are bearing, ye toilers. Ye stand
in dense rank
All over life's highways. Oh, the throngs of white faces
and dank
With toil's heat and sweat. Why have my arms been
folded and still?
No hand stretched out to your griefs, no blow struck to
right your sore ill?"

(*O. C. W., part of an unfinished poem found in his desk, April,* 1916.)

VI.

"It was given to you, as it was not to any of us, to be beside him [Dr. Reynolds], to support him in ways that were seen and more in things that could not be known. Most loyal—and more of us than you wot of loved you for it and the rare self-effacement of many years. You have your reward. He felt it, I know. He rested in you, he counted on you. You were, as I know, from the first his chosen one to come after him. He left you his mantle, because he knew you would wear your own, but that the spirit succession would enwrap you. God bless you."

"Already your own men gather about you with a love like the old love. I who belong to you both [Dr. Reynolds and O. C. W.] rejoice in what *is* as well as in what is to be." (*Letters to O. C. W., from an old student of some twenty years' standing, September* 11*th*, 1896, *and June*, 1897.)

Dr. Reynolds presided over Cheshunt College for thirty-five years, and under him the College reached the zenith of that phase of its existence. In the eighties the building, enlarged in 1871, was full to overflowing. "The fervent holy life, the spiritual insight, and that charm of refined personal influence made the administration of Henry Robert Reynolds unique not only in this, but also, I would venture to say, in all our Free Church Colleges" (*O. C. W., in the President's report, June 26th*, 1900). Dr. Reynolds resigned the presidentship on the ground of continued ill-health in November, 1894, but his resigna-

tion did not take effect till the following Easter. The College Committee, with whom rested the appointment of his successor, at that time comprised over fifty members, not all of whom could be regarded as educational experts, but no doubt all having the interests of the College truly at heart whatever their point of view. In May, 1895, my father was invited to accept the vacant office. In a letter to my grandfather he expresses great uncertainty and hesitation, for he was fully aware that the Committee were not unanimous on the subject and that the presidentship had already been offered to three others and declined by them.

" The ground of hesitation was my lack of pastoral experience, and also that I was not a popular preacher. If it were not for these reasons I am told that I should have been asked first of all." One member of the Committee, he proceeds, " charged me with heresy and read out passages from the *British Weekly* in proof. . . . Many—I believe most—of my old pupils and my fellow-students are heartily for me." " S. told me that . . . some years ago Dr. Allon spoke of me as Dr. Reynolds' successor. Also Dr. Reynolds has spoken and written strongly in my favour. Lovett tells me that if I refuse they go back into chaos. . . . In any case my refusal means another session without a President and perhaps someone chosen in sheer despair.

. . . I asked for just a fortnight to consider. The enthusiasm of Lovett, Samuel Smith and Sandison . . . touched me deeply. Unknown to me they have been fighting the battle for me all this while.

But if the Committee hesitated so also do I on the score of pastoral experience. The *safe* course is to keep

where I am. But is that my duty? Though I am interested in my work I am beginning to get a little weary of the interminable discussions of the Higher Criticism. I should like to teach the New Testament—especially to expound Pauline theology. The parting of the ways lies before me. How long am I to go on in the same rut? Something in the form of emancipation I should welcome.

On the other hand the Principalship of a College in these days is most difficult and very onerous and often anxious. To me in my present rather depressed mood, for I am not sleeping well, it seems as if God is calling me in a very serious crisis in the history of the College by the voices of old friends—fellow-students and pupils—to take up this 'ministry of strife and pain.' One *sine qua non* I have provisionally laid down, *i.e.* in the case of my acceptance. They must appoint as teacher of Greek and Homiletics and some other theological subject one who has behind him a successful pastoral experience and a popular preacher.

Pray earnestly for me. It is a question of qualification. I have no fear of the class-room nor of the confidence of the men. The village stations Nazing and Stanstead, strange to say, like my preaching. It is only the London suburban congregations that I fail to interest. I know that I greatly pleased the people of Beccles, and I often go to Dorking.

My decision will be communicated by letter to Lovett next Monday (or rather Saturday). Pray that I may be guided to do not what is personally easy or gratifying to myself, what is safe or expedient for my personal comfort—but what is right—what it is my duty to do as soldier of the Cross—though the path be difficult and perilous. . . .

Very affectionately yours,

OWEN C. WHITEHOUSE.

Before knowing that I was in the field I urged ——'s claims on Smith and others; but his name is utterly rejected."

While still in doubt as to his course, my father went over to see Dr. Reynolds; they discussed the matter and prayed together. The counsels of one for whom he had so deep an affection weighed greatly with him, and he finally decided to take up the task which his old friend and teacher had been obliged to relinquish. He was able to disregard the low salary attaching to this as to all other posts connected with Cheshunt College, in view of my mother's small private income; neither had Dr. Reynolds been entirely dependent on his salary from the College.* "I know something of the sacrifice he made for the sake of the College in order to accept the Presidency, and we all owe him a greater debt for his faithful service, especially through many dark days, than has ever been expressed yet." (*A fellow-student of my father's to my mother*, II. iv. 16.)

So in the summer of 1895 my father became President of Cheshunt College. He was fully alive to the difficulties of his new position, which were enhanced by the fact that his invitation to occupy it had been neither

* I have felt obliged to draw attention to these financial details for two reasons: firstly, that it may be fully understood that my father's work for Cheshunt College was in part even from a material standpoint a labour of love; secondly, that those to whom his memory is precious may realise that the institution to which he devoted his life will need all the support which they can give it when the days of reconstruction come after the Great War.

prompt nor unanimous. As the end of the century approached the strain of keeping pace with modern requirements became serious as long as the College remained in its picturesque isolation away in Hertfordshire. By 1890 the number of students had begun to decrease, and this decline continued steadily. The income of the College, too, began to diminish from about the middle of the eighties. And two other factors about that time adversely affected Cheshunt College as compared with the other Congregational Colleges. One was the establishment of Mansfield College at Oxford; the other was the receipt of a large legacy by New College, London, which thus became a relatively well-endowed institution, whereas "the beggarly income of Cheshunt at that time was inadequate to meet the increasing demands made upon it by its University connections," to quote Dr. Andrews.* Further, Hackney College had moved up to Hampstead and had been able thenceforward to work largely in combination with New. Cheshunt, with her resident staff of four and her remoteness from any educational centre, was thus labouring under serious disadvantages. My father, as has been shown, had always cherished high

* "Owen Charles Whitehouse. An Appreciation," *British Weekly*, April 13th, 1916.

ideals as to the mental equipment of those who were to undertake the spiritual leadership of their fellow-men. He valued the discipline of examinations because in preparing for such tests a man acquired studious habits, which would stand him in good stead in after life. A thin, ill thought-out sermon was abhorrent to him.

" As a teacher all that I am concerned with is mental discipline and expanding ideals of work. That is why it is so needful to forget the things that are past. We tend to become fettered by old conditions and narrow conceptions of life. *Altiora peto*—the mountaineer's motto—should be our own " (*letter from O. C. W. to a Cheshunt student who had just failed in a London University examination*, 24. ix. 03).

With these aims in view he heartily welcomed the association of Cheshunt College with the London University, which became possible with the reconstitution of the University. He had a great enthusiasm for his *alma mater*, the London University, not only on account of the high standard set in her examinations, but because the very foundation of her being was the absence of religious tests.* The whole object of Lord Melbourne's Government in granting a charter of Incorporation allowing the faculties to confer degrees had been " to provide a mode for granting Academical Degrees in London to persons of all religious

* The Cambridge B.D. and D.D. degrees have recently been opened to all without religious test.

persuasions, without distinction and without imposition of any test or disqualification whatever."* In the latter part of last century there was a determined movement to extend the functions of the University beyond those of an examining body which conferred degrees. Two successive Royal Commissions were appointed, the second of which reported in 1894, and their recommendations were embodied in the University of London Act, 1898, by which the University was reorganised. The status of Cheshunt College was materially advanced by the change. " In the newly-constituted teaching University of London it has been decided, after considerable discussion, that theology should form one of eight faculties, and this institution is made one of a small group of theological schools. All our professors, I rejoice to say, are ' recognised teachers ' of the University, and I myself, with the Principals of other Theological Colleges, am appointed member of a Faculty of Theology, to which the important task has been assigned of shaping the course of studies and of advising the Senate as to the scheme and character of the examinations that will be instituted. The effect of these changes not only on this institution, but on

* Communication from the Government to the Duke of Somerset, Chairman of the Council, August 19th, 1835.

all our Free Church Colleges in England, will be immense. For the first time a Bachelor of Divinity degree will be accessible to any Nonconformist in England." So runs the President's report of June 26th, 1900, and in 1901 he was able to report that the work for the ensuing academic year would be arranged according to the curriculum for the intermediate and final B.D. examinations of London. My father had been intensely interested in this development of the London University and had taken some part in the work involved. He had been one of the representatives of the London Free Church Colleges who gave evidence before the Royal Commission in 1892, acting as secretary for them in the matter, and in 1895 he joined in a deputation to Lord Rosebery connected therewith. From 1901 to 1906 he was a member of the Boards of Theological and Oriental Studies, and for many years—till his death—he examined in Hebrew for the University.

The connection with the London University did not lighten the task of the small teaching staff of Cheshunt College, and the need for co-operation with other theological colleges became increasingly urgent. The Fifteen Articles, however, with their Calvinistic implications which deterred some promising

students from entering the College, were to prove a serious impediment to future amalgamation. At the dawn of the new century a brief series of articles on Congregational Reform had been contributed to the *Christian World* by the Rev. Richard Lovett, one of the trustees of the College, and a man of great energy and ability coupled with a burning zeal for the future effectiveness of Congregationalism. In these articles he strove to galvanise the then almost passive Congregational Union into some sort of activity. He pleaded " for co-operation among Congregational churches, and for the development of constructive statesmanship in the conduct of the Union's affairs," and among other objects for " the bringing of the colleges into closer touch with all the churches." He pointed out the need for an administrative system and without this " the inability to establish any real relation towards or helpful influence upon the policy of those colleges where the bulk of Congregational ministers have been and are being trained." " The collegiate training of Congregational ministers at present depends not at all upon the action of the Congregational Church as a whole or upon the action of any large number of individual churches. It depends mainly upon the liberality of departed benefactors, and

upon the subscriptions of persons scattered unhappily far too scantily, through our churches." Mr. Lovett deplored the " little attempt at, and for the present little possibility of, common action between the colleges," and found it remarkable that in these circumstances the colleges had been able to do so much good work. These articles aroused considerable discussion in the columns of the *Christian World*, mainly favourable to the ideas expressed, though some correspondents maintained that the sacred principles of Independency were violated by such proposals. My father warmly supported Mr. Lovett's views in a letter to the *Christian World*. " Let us remember," he wrote, " that no institutions can continue to thrive unless they are progressive." " Surely at the opening of this new century," he concluded, " we ought to take a further step in organised consolidation."

This suggested movement towards congregational federation had a far-reaching effect upon the future of Cheshunt College, for with such ideas in the air the question had to be faced: why maintain three Congregational colleges within the London University working in a kind of friendly rivalry? And so schemes for some sort of combination were tentatively mooted. In June, 1903, the

Cheshunt College Committee appointed a special sub-committee of ten, including Mr. Lovett and my father, to consider the best means of co-operation with Hackney and New Colleges. Adherents to the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion were opposed to any scheme which might tend to obliterate the origin of the College ; while a majority of the Old Students' Union were most anxious that every possible effort should be made to preserve the College at Cheshunt, many of them being extremely loth on sentimental grounds for the College to be moved and its traditions and associations interrupted. My father was only desirous of securing that efficiency of training which combination would ensure. The previous winter he had felt it incumbent upon him to resign the presidentship because the students had given him to understand that he had lost their confidence. He had consented at the request of the Trustees to withhold his resignation until the future of the College should be assured once more, but he was perfectly ready to continue his tutorial work under the presidentship of another, should any form of amalgamation prove feasible. As regards other members of the teaching staff, Mr. (now Dr.) Andrews had been invited in May, 1903, to New College, London, to lecture on Ecclesiastical History

and New Testament, and no successor had been appointed on the death of the Rev. William Johnston in 1902, his work having largely devolved upon Mr. Ernest W. Johnson, who was ever ready to add to his own already heavy burden of teaching. The way thus seemed open for amalgamation with Hackney College, and definite proposals to that effect were formulated. There seemed every hope at last of a permanent and satisfactory settlement. Then came the fateful judgment of the House of Lords anent the "Wee Frees" (*Free Church of Scotland v. Lord Overtoun*, August 1, 1904), in view of which the Board of Education felt obliged to quash the whole scheme. The Fifteen Articles were the chief difficulty—one more case of the dead hand of the past crushing down the vitality of the present. Amalgamation was out of the question, and things seemed at a deadlock. In the early winter, however, suggestions reached the Trustees of removing the College to Cambridge. Then at the end of the year another misfortune befell in the sudden death of Mr. Lovett, who had been honorary secretary of the College and a Trustee for many years, and who had conducted all the recent negotiations. The Cambridge scheme matured nevertheless, and received the support of the Old Students, who realised that other expedients had failed

and the College must abandon its old home. The Board of Education permitted the migration to Cambridge, and in due course drafted a scheme reconstituting the governing body of the College. According to this new scheme, sealed by the Board of Education in February, 1906, the former seven Trustees became co-optative Governors, while the remaining eighteen Governors represented various bodies interested, two being appointed by the Council of the Senate of Cambridge University and one by the teaching staff of the College. In the matter of the Fifteen Articles a certain compromise was effected, whereby students are no longer required to sign the Articles, but to make such a statement in writing of their religious beliefs as shall be satisfactory to the Governors.

On the removal of the College to Cambridge my father's resignation of the presidentship was allowed to take effect. He had held this office during a most difficult and anxious period of transition from the old order to the new ; the administrative work involved is at the best of times heavy, and the whole of the president's correspondence had been undertaken by him without secretarial assistance. The College Committee had wisely delegated to the teaching staff the settlement in the main of matters directly connected with the courses

of study to be pursued ; but other questions were decided by the Committee, which could outvote the resident staff by ten to one. My father and Mr. Lovett had been friends since their college days and their mutual affection had grown and strengthened as the years passed ; but their views did not always coincide as to the policy which it was best to adopt. For instance, while my father was President, Mr. Lovett advocated raising the fees paid by students, which certainly were phenomenally low. My father opposed it on the ground that often the most promising students were poor men for whom it was a serious struggle to pay for their education. Mr. Lovett's view prevailed with the Committee—the innovation may have helped the finances of the College, but it did not tend to increase the number of students. Again, after the death of the Rev. Dr. Henry Allon, for many years a Trustee and most ardent supporter of Cheshunt College, a considerable sum was raised for a memorial to him in connection with the College. My father was eager that the money should be devoted to an Allon Memorial Scholarship or Bursary, but the Trustees and Committee desired to enlarge the College Chapel and insert a new organ. The money was therefore divided about equally between these two objects, and the

Allon Theological Scholarship and an additional aisle and organ were provided in 1896. This was a disappointment to my father, for he and others resident in Cheshunt knew that the College Chapel by its very nature could never attract a large congregation. Cheshunt was then little more than a village, and possessed a Congregational church which had arisen out of one of the village chapels depending on the College. The College Chapel was half-a-mile and more outside the town, the service was liturgical, the Book of Common Prayer being used with a few slight modifications, and just across the road was the parish church with a vicar holding moderate views. Still, as President, he faced the new demand, devoting a vast amount of time and energy to the affairs of the Chapel. He tried to stimulate the handful of people who attended by holding church meetings and introducing church government on Congregational lines, himself adopting the rôle of pastor, though of course the Sunday services were conducted by the students. His efforts met with some response, but the congregation never overflowed into the new side aisle except on the occasion of an anniversary. However, amid all his cares directly and indirectly connected with the College, there was some mitigation in the fact that my father's relations with the

Committee, as later with the Governors under the new scheme, were always most cordial, indeed many of them were his close personal friends.

There had been trouble and anxiety in our home at different times during those years. First it was my father's health; an ulcer formed in the nose and necessitated a slight operation, which was happily successful. In the spring of 1901 came the death of my grandfather after three days' illness. The tie between them—my father was his only son—had been singularly close and its severance was felt most acutely. My father had been wont to consult him fully on all points and to rely on his loving sympathy and sound judgment. He was a grand old man in whom we all take a just pride.

During the long vacation of 1902, Mr. William Johnston, lecturer on philosophy in the College, met with a cycling accident not far from his home, which terminated fatally in a few hours. He had won a warm place in the affections of his colleagues and pupils, and the sudden loss of their friend in such tragic circumstances was a great sorrow to all who knew him well. Immediately afterwards my mother became seriously ill, and throughout that winter and for many months afterwards our home was overshadowed by anxiety on her

account. The following summer my father suffered " a great blow in the loss of a friend," he wrote, " whom I loved for his beautiful spiritual character more than anyone I ever knew—Henry Bottomley, of Coventry," one of his fellow-students.

Looking back over those last few years at Cheshunt one cannot but feel that they were troublous times, certainly the least happy period of my father's life. Their relative gloom, however, was not unrelieved. In the spring of 1901, within a few days of my grandfather's death, the University of Aberdeen conferred on my father the degree of Doctor of Divinity, an honour which he deeply appreciated. On the occasion of receiving the degree he made his first acquaintance with Scotland, and like so many southerners lost his heart to that fair land of brae and burn. The celebrations at Aberdeen included a dinner in the Town and County Hall, at the conclusion of which an extra toast was proposed by the Marquis of Huntly to the honorary graduates. To this my father had to respond at two minutes' notice ; however, a happy reference to Professor Croom Robertson, an old Aberdonian who had been one of his teachers in London, pleased the assembled guests.

" The graduation ceremony was carried on amid the

strangest babel of singing, interruptions and other lively manifestations of the undergraduate youth. . . . It is a regular tradition—irregular in every other sense. Poor Principal Lang, Professor Gilroy, and others had a hard task. They were like ships forging through stormy seas which broke over their decks and almost rendered them invisible. There was some method, however, in the juvenile madness. I recognised the prevalence of hymn tunes while we three D.D.'s were being presented. Of Prof. Gilroy's kind remarks about myself I heard not a word. But I read them in the *Aberdeen Journal* and the *Aberdeen Free Press* next day. . . . I also met there Prof. Findlay, of Headingley College, who has recently been capped at St. Andrew's, and had a long talk with him about Free Church Colleges and the prospects of the new London University B.D. degree. . . . I left Aberdeen with a sense of the overwhelming kindness I had received. Certainly Scotchmen know how to be hospitable. . . . This journey has been very pleasant. Perhaps it has tended a little towards egotism. But God in His mercy will crush that out of me when I get back to the tremendously difficult task I have in Cheshunt College. He has been so merciful to me hitherto that in the future I know He will not fail me. The great end of life is to be made pure, simple and useful to others. Our dear father was that. For himself he had no care" (*O. C. W. to his sister*, 12. iv. 01).

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It may be well to record here some recollections of one who was a student during the last years at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire and in the early years at Cambridge.

"The serious depletion in the teaching staff, necessitating certain provisional arrangements in the matter of lectures, and a feeling that things were not going altogether well

with the College, had combined to produce a spirit of restlessness and of vague discontent amongst the students. Repeated discussions took place in the College "Oyez"—the democratically constituted assembly of the House—with a genuine sense of the seriousness of the matters under consideration and a very real desire to act rightly and wisely. In the end the feeling of the House expressed itself in February, 1903, in the form of a memorandum to the Trustees. A day or two later, as the outcome of this action and at the expressed wish of the President, one or two of the senior students appointed by the House met him for a frank discussion of the situation. From this it became clear to him that, for one reason or another, the men as a whole felt themselves out of touch with him. Whatever indications of unrest and dissatisfaction might have been noticeable amongst them, he had been quite unaware hitherto of any personal disaffection towards himself, and any more acutely painful revelation than this to a sensitive spirit such as his could not well be imagined.

"Meanwhile, in response to the memorandum the Trustees summoned four of the senior students to meet them in London. The interview not only served to reveal the keen displeasure of the governing body at the

action of the men, but the students themselves were able to realise somewhat more fully the gravity of the step they had taken and its far-reaching consequences. In the days that immediately followed, this was borne in upon them. It was from the President himself that they learned that he had handed in his resignation to the Trustees. Men who were students at that time—some eighteen or so—will not soon forget the gathering at chaplaincy one morning when 'Bosco' (as they always affectionately called him) spoke to them with a depth of quiet restraint and feeling that touched all their hearts. They began from then to realise what the ordeal was costing *him*. Somehow it calmed and steadied every man. If rebuke were needed or deserved it was not given. Men were chastened as they knelt to pray; they rose conscious of a silent challenge. They knew that they had got to face the years to come, with whatever they might bring, *alongside him* and with something of the same loyalty and devotion that he had always shown. Nothing could have knit his men to him in reverence and affection as did that hour. In the months that followed, so full of upheaval and fraught with great and far-reaching changes, men tried to be worthy of his trust in them and of his unswerving loyalty to duty. What so im-

pressed and humbled us all was the magnificent spirit of the man throughout the whole thing. What pained us beyond all else was the thought of the pain we had given him. Of his worth as scholar and teacher each man of us knew something, and as such we were proud of him. Had we not cheered him to the echo that day when we heard that Aberdeen University had honoured herself as well as him by conferring on him the Doctorate of Divinity. We knew him, too, as the courteous gentleman that he was, the kindly counsellor and friend. But from that day onward we understood as we had never understood before the problems with which as our President he had been heroically grappling, the impossible battle he had been fighting. And we had seen the man's soul, laid bare to us in a brief half-hour—at once a revelation of ourselves and of him."

His letters to his sister at this time reveal his own feeling about resigning the presidentship.

"The step was of my own, or rather of God's choosing, as I believe, for me. When I learned from the Senior Student, as the result of my own request for a frank statement, that the students felt estranged from me, a strong inward moral compulsion drove me to take the step I did take. The loss of moral influence over my students (due to my hard work, incessant correspondence, London University Board, literary work, and I do not know what else), was so utterly saddening that when

added to the other considerations which weighed, as you know, with me for some time, it decided me at once to send in my resignation. It would best enable me to recover moral influence with the students which to me now is everything. They are the supreme charge placed in my hands by God. What can be more wearing to personal influence than the feeling that the College is diminishing in numbers and in financial support? This session the place of Johnston has not been filled—so there are only three professors. And I still hang on. Lovett was startled and alarmed, and says if I had sought to do the College a deadly injury I could not have resigned at a more unfortunate moment. . . I told him that my letter would enable them, in the light of diminished income and number of students, to choose another Principal who might bring back prosperity. . . . I did what I thought was my duty. I do not think 'pride ruled my will.' I felt too sad and humiliated for that. I am thankful that I have used no angry or bitter word to the students. I think some good has come to them already by what I did." (25. ii. 03.)

In June of the same year he wrote to his sister:

"I had deep misgivings, after the recent events at the College, whether I should go to the Cheshunt dinner, but several (including Professor Andrews) strongly pressed me to go and I was very glad I did so, for the demonstration of affection from a gathering of fifty-five old students impressed and touched me deeply. . . . When I rose to reply to the toast of the College, all of them rose and cheered in a very significant way. Two of the senior students were there and I therefore restrained myself in my reply and spoke in general terms and dwelling on Bottomley's death, so that they might feel at their ease. . . . —, —, and — are very indignant about this trouble and very bitter against one or two outsiders who have fomented rather than assuaged it.'

To quote once more from the same student's

recollections : " The clouds still hung heavily over the College, but the storm was passing. As long as the College remained in Cheshunt Dr. Whitehouse continued to be President. The students were few in numbers, but the life of the House was happy and united, and good work was done despite the impending changes.

" All Cheshunt men know by now something of what those next two or three years of transition meant ; the breaking of old and cherished ties, and the entering upon a new way of life amid unaccustomed surroundings, with the prospect of years of uphill work and the facing of new obligations and heavy responsibilities. Yet in the making of the new traditions both he and his colleagues, and indeed the men as well, were inspired throughout by that older Cheshunt tradition that neither time nor place can change. Without it Cheshunt would not be Cheshunt ; with it, none can doubt for a moment the future of the College. It is due to that spirit that the work of recent years in Cambridge has been accomplished so bravely and so well. This is not the place to record the deep sense of indebtedness which all friends of the College increasingly feel towards those who made possible the establishment on such secure foundations of the old College in the still older University

town. But to none of these will a more deserved tribute be paid than that which is due to the two men who bore the burden and heat of those days, comrades and colleagues to the last—Ernest Wright Johnson, the Resident Tutor, and Owen Charles Whitehouse.

"In these later years in Cambridge those who knew Dr. Whitehouse intimately felt that the more they saw of him the more they appreciated the splendid magnanimity and quiet devotedness of the man. In all the vicissitudes which followed the removal, and not least in the anxious times when the Great War overshadowed the work of the College, the same brave, cheerful spirit was his, and it gleamed ever more brightly when the days were dark and the going rough. To the end he marched 'breast forward,' and with intellectual and spiritual powers unimpaired he laid down his arms."

VII.

"We are always bidding farewells and as we grow older cling very affectionately to all that is happiest in bygone times. Somehow we cherish and preserve the sunshine—the rain and darkness drop out of memory, and so vanish and are forgotten. It is quite possible for us to become moody and melancholy by thinking too much and putting too high a value on things that are past. The true Christian, because he believes in the wisdom and love of God, will always face the future gladly and with hope, and thoroughly believe that it is going to be far better than the past has ever been or could be." (*Birthday letter from O. C. W. to one of his daughters*, 23. v. 01.)

It was with courage and hope in his heart that my father faced the future of the College on its removal to Cambridge in October, 1905. Its new temporary home in a terrace of tall houses in a main thoroughfare was far from attractive after the dignity and repose of its former habitat, but material drawbacks were not allowed to outweigh intellectual advantages. There was no gainsaying these. It was decided that the students should avail themselves as fully as possible of their new opportunities, attending the lectures and reading for the examinations of the University. A good deal of teaching was still done in the

College, and under the new régime my father became Tutor in Hebrew, Biblical Exegesis, and Theology. He was perfectly ready to accept a reduced salary, since he was now relieved of the onerous administrative duties of presidentship and hoped for more leisure for literary work and research. This hope proved somewhat illusory, for various claims arose out of the new conditions. For instance, there was the Previous Examination, or "Little-go," to be passed by the students before they could become undergraduates. This, as its name implies, is no very searching test, except perhaps as regards mathematics and a modern language. My father was always anxious for his promising students to read German if possible because of the vast theological literature in that language, and with the utmost good-will he coached the zealous few whom he could persuade to take it up whether for examination purposes or otherwise. As for the degree itself, the fact that at the end of three years the College scored a first class in the Theological Tripos of 1908—and another two years later—shows how thorough had been the process of adaptation to the new milieu and what an admirable spirit of industry prevailed among the students. Though all this meant hard work for my father in lecture-room and study, it was a

congenial task of a purely academic nature. For the administrative policy of the College he had no responsibility for some years, as he did not become a Governor until he was appointed by the London Missionary Society in 1912 as their representative on the governing body of the College. In October, 1911, the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan became President of Cheshunt College, and by his energy and initiative greatly furthered the scheme of erecting a suitable building for it. For Dr. Morgan my father had a warm personal regard, which was shared by all who came under his gracious and kindly influence.

The larger life of Cambridge University was most refreshing to my father, and he found great stimulus in intercourse not only with those who were working on similar lines to himself, but with other scholars in widely differing branches. In the spring of 1909 the University conferred on him the degree of M.A., *honoris causa*, which admitted him to certain rights and privileges that he valued highly. Soon afterwards he was adopted as a member of Christ's College, to which his revered teacher Sir John Seeley had belonged and where he already had several friends. As a member of the Cambridge University Theological Society he had opportunities of hearing at first hand and discussing the views of many

leading authorities in this department, while the meetings of the University Anthropological Society to which he also belonged, brought him into contact with those who had watched the habits and studied the mentality of man in far-away lands. In such questions he was keenly interested, not only as affording suggestive parallels to the early conditions of Israel's environment and development, but also as throwing light on many difficult problems of the mission field. A few months before his death he was made a member of the Board of Theological Studies of the University.

For one with his enthusiasm for all Christian movements there was abundant scope in Cambridge town and county, and he soon identified himself with a host of good causes. He served on the Cambridge Committee of the Christian Evidence Society, on the Cambridge and District Free Church Council, and on the local committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society; he interested himself in primary education and in the training of teachers, working as a manager of New Street School for some years and on the committee of Homerton College during the whole time he lived in Cambridge. He gave courses of lectures at the Vacation Term for Biblical Study at Girton College in 1909 (afterwards published in the *Interpreter*, cf. p. 166)

and at Newnham in 1915, and to the Holcroft Society of Emmanuel Congregational Church in the winter of 1914-15. He did a certain amount of preaching during these years, going repeatedly to Dorking and Hinckley ; and in the Cambridge district he often took Sunday duty, welcoming in particular the opportunity of addressing the Men's Brotherhoods at St. Andrew's Street Baptist Church and at the Cherryhinton Free Church. He had a great yearning to help the poor, and always took a warm interest in Castle End Mission. He continued to serve, too, as a Director of the London Missionary Society. In 1914 he was elected Chairman of the Cambridgeshire Congregational Union, and went in and out among the churches of the county as he had done in Hertfordshire in the old days. He won affection and respect in many a country manse, to judge from the letters recently received by our family. This work brought him very special joy, for at times he used to feel as if he were standing somewhat aloof from the crying needs of the world about him. In a letter to his sister (25. vii. 12) he wrote :

" I cannot tell you how sad I felt as I stood there [beside their father's and mother's grave in Abney Park Cemetry]. All the years since my father's death seemed to me so futile. 'We spend our years as a reverie' (' tale that is told '). I thought much of all I owed to father and mother, and how little worthy one seemed to

be of that deep affection and profoundly religious piety of the home. In Wordsworth's great phrase, 'The world has been too much with me.' All the literary work that I have done when weighed in the true balance of the eternal judgment day will not be worth a single hour of his and my mother's impassioned zeal for the salvation of the people of Travancore. And now the largest part of my life has gone, and I am as one who has stood idle in the market-place and can hardly be said to have really worked for the advancement of the Kingdom of God—just done a little casual labour, mostly looked on while others worked. It will only be of God's infinite mercy that I am permitted to see my father and mother in the 'better land.'

. . . The same day I met for a short time at the Memorial Hall . . . an old student of the College—my own pupil —— ——, who has been slaving away among the poor of London, whom he loves, for the last eight years and for a mere pittance. He has been helping the Dock strikers—or rather their families. I, the old teacher, stood in reverence before my old pupil, and might well sit at his feet and learn what Christian holiness means. But I have to write on Semitic holiness* which is a far inferior thing, except when touched by the prophetic spirit. But I must stop this Jeremiad. It is inconsiderate of me to pour out all these bitter waters upon you."

There were opportunities of spiritual quickening in Cambridge of which he eagerly availed himself. The preaching of the Rev. W. B. Selbie, Minister till 1909 of Emmanuel Congregational Church,† was a constant source of help and stimulus, and he had a great

* He was writing the article "Holiness (Semitic)" for Hastings' *Encycl. of Religion and Ethics.*

† He left Cambridge on being appointed Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford.

admiration for Dr. Selbie's frankness and vigour in dealing with all the urgent religious, social and ethical questions of the day. From time to time he attended the University sermon at Great St. Mary's on Sunday afternoon. The Hulsean lectures delivered there by Dr. J. Neville Figgis* in 1908-9 impressed him profoundly ; the intense fervour amounting to passion of the preacher possessed a strange magnetic power over his hearers which deeply touched my father. Later he listened most appreciatively to sermons by the Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Gore). The beautifully rendered vespers at King's College Chapel always delighted him, as did the wonderful Gothic interior and richly carved stalls. Then, too, there were quiet times of common aspiration at the Seniors' Prayer Meeting held on occasional evenings in the Dean's rooms at Christ's College. He greatly valued the opportunities for friendly discussion afforded by the meetings of the local Ministers' Fraternal ; for some of the younger members he had an almost paternal affection, especially for the Rev. Henry C. Carter, Dr. Selbie's successor in Cambridge.

His friendly nature took much pleasure in the social life and various functions of the

* Published by Longmans in 1909 under the title *The Gospel and Human Needs.*

University—in College feasts to which he was invited, in garden parties or evening receptions to celebrate such events as the Darwin Centenary, the Milton Tercentenary, or the visits of distinguished strangers to the University.

Those were years of many friendships. Some of former days could be renewed, like that with Dr. Skinner, Principal of Westminster College, and many new and warm ties were formed ; with Professor (now Lieut.-Colonel) Sims Woodhead ; with Dr. Barber, Headmaster of the Leys School, who would sometimes join him for an afternoon walk ; with Dr. Haddon, of Christ's College ; the late Dr. Reynolds Green, of Downing ; Mr. J. D. Anderson, of the I.C.S., whose knowledge of India, where he had served many years as a District Commissioner, provided a common enthusiasm. With Dr. Holland Rose he would discuss European politics and wars of the past two centuries ; strategy and tactics had a fascination for him, and he eagerly studied the volumes of Professor Oman's *History of the Peninsula War* as they appeared. Through his acquaintance with Mr. Israel Abrahams, University Reader in Talmudic, he was able to extend his knowledge of modern Jewish aims and aspirations, for which he had much sympathy— for anti-Semitism he had

the profoundest contempt, having seen something of its evils in Germany.

His afternoon walk or cycle-ride was a regular institution, only omitted at the claim of a pressing engagement. Every day soon after three he would sally forth, usually attended by a brown tyke of pleasant aspect, but doubtful pedigree. He would soon become deeply immersed in thought, in which case he might be completely unaware of passing acquaintances. If he should chance to encounter Mr. Stanley Cook, for instance, a soul-satisfying disputation would ensue on some knotty point of Hebrew or Old Testament criticism. Often one of his daughters would share his walk, and he would talk to her freely about what was interesting him at the moment. Sometimes he would teach her a little about German philosophy or European history, at other times he would confide his hopes and fears for his various students, and on fortunate occasions he might be gently urged into the reminiscent vein and then he would talk of India and his childhood.

The years at Cambridge were happy indeed, until the Great War cast its shadow over all. As to the justice of England's part in it he knew not a moment's doubt, once Germany had violated the neutrality of Belgium, of

which Great Britain was a guarantor. He hoped, however, that friendship with individual Germans might weather the storm, and at once wrote cards to friends in Germany —these were later returned by the Post Office. For our soldiers and sailors he had a warm admiration. It was with positive diffidence that he paid his first visit to the large military hospital at Cambridge, fearing lest he might disturb the patients. It ended by his spending nearly an hour beside a young Irishman, terribly wounded in the thigh, who seemed loth to part with his visitor. On a subsequent occasion he made friends with two Canadians, victims of the first gas attack in the Ypres salient. For the Belgian refugees who came to Cambridge he had a warm welcome, receiving two girls into his home for a time, of whom he became very fond. His French was far from fluent, and on one occasion he was reduced to conversing with Monsieur le Professeur Dejace, of Liége, in the language of their common enemy which both had acquired as students at Bonn. He had no misgivings as to an ultimate successful issue to the war, for he placed implicit reliance on the Government so long as Mr. Asquith remained Premier, with Lord Kitchener at the War Office. For the higher commands in the Army he had with few exceptions the

deepest admiration, and in the case of the Navy there was no single exception. He was exceedingly proud of those of his old students who elected to serve with the colours ; at the same time he thought it right that candidates for ordination should be exempt from compulsion in the matter. On the whole his attitude towards this great crisis in our history was one of patient hopefulness and quiet confidence in the final victory of justice.

VIII.

"Every movement of love to man, every device of Christian heroism, every act of consecration to Christ, every effort to take upon ourselves some of the sin or sorrow of another, opens to us the heart of Christ, which is the lens whereby we can gaze upon the Lord God Himself in the eternity of His blended beauty, the awfulness of His holiness, the fathomless ocean of His boundless love." (*Address by Dr. Reynolds at the inauguration of the Cheshunt College Union*, 16. i. 88.)

Human relationships counted for a great deal with my father; he was a very warm-hearted man, who gave much affection to others and won much in return. He was at the same time shrewd and kindly in his judgment of character, and absolutely sincere in his dealings with all, one to whom any sort of meanness was unthinkable. As a young tutor at Cheshunt there was a good deal of the elder brother in his feeling towards his students though one of them describes him as looking "stately and serious beyond his years"; later on as President he felt intensely responsible for their welfare, more especially for their spiritual development. Soon after he had assumed the higher office he wrote to a candidate for admission to the College:

"May the New Year bring with it a quickened sense of God's nearness—a more direct and clearer knowledge

of His truth. There are some to whom the things of God are second-hand. They talk of them in the language of others, not in that of their own immediate and direct perceptions. May it be yours to know by personal experience that God's precious words are true—that the King's country is no whit less fair than the Prophets have declared it to be. It is only from such vivid and direct experience we can dare to preach to men of the things 'Unseen and Eternal'" (28. xii. 95).

A few years later an almost fatherly note appears in his letters to another preparing for his entrance examination:

"You will do your best, I know, for our examination —but don't overwork yourself up to the last by working too late and with too prolonged hours of study to the detriment of exercise and sleep. Give Mr. —— the same advice. I have known candidates spoil their chances by this lack of physical precaution. My heartiest good wishes to you both. May God's love and power surround you" (2. vi. 00).

A little later he wrote to the same:

"Next session will be your first in the College. A new act opens in your drama of life. Some battles that you have fought will not have to be fought again, but others will take their place, different in character, more subtle—perhaps more baffling—in character. May God keep you faithful through them all. You will need to resort to the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith and the unfailing resource of constant prayer as much as you ever did. I trust you will find much abiding joy in the College fellowship and in the daily work in the class-room as well as the services of our village churches" (20. ix. 00).

Though he was most anxious for his men to succeed in the London examinations, his letters to a hard worker who had failed are full of

encouragement. To one who had been successful he wrote:

"Next session you will be devoting to the severe ordeal of preparation for the Intermediate Arts Examination. May you still have leisure to study and think over the precious truths of the great and holy Book" (13. viii. 97).

Cheshunt students have always done a good deal of preaching even during term; the services in the College Chapel and the "village station" chapels were regularly conducted by them all the year round, and in addition they were, and still are, frequently called upon to supply vacancies at Congregational churches and those of the Countess's Connexion. By way of preparation for this Sunday duty a prayer-meeting was held on Saturday morning at which the President usually gave an address. On Sunday morning the two students who were to take duty in the College Chapel would come to his study for a few minutes.

"I have always loved him for his beautiful sympathy expressed in those moments when he took the trembling preacher aside before going into College Chapel. I have often gone into his study in fear and come out calm and trustful—glad indeed to be the ambassador of Christ" (*a former student to my mother*, 17. iv. 16).

It is difficult for me to write of his influence over those whom he taught during all the years at Cheshunt College. I know how his heart went out to his men in any trouble that

befell them, how earnestly he prayed for the welfare of the College morning by morning at family prayers, how anxiety for it beset his thoughts night and day during the crucial period of his presidentship, and how close were the bonds which united him to very many of his former pupils scattered up and down the world. Something of their feeling for him is revealed in the following letters, some of them written to my mother last spring, others spontaneous expressions of gratitude which my father nad treasured in his desk. A well-known minister in the north of England, who left the College in the early eighties, writes (12. iv. 16) :

" To me the Doctor was more than any man I ever knew, outside the range of my own family circle—I owe him, and I honour him, more than any words can tell. But for his patient kindness, his fine unspoiled character, his manly chivalry, and my knowledge of them in college days, I do not believe I should have been in the ministry to-day—might have been drifting without an anchor like so many better men than myself. Through the channel of his influence, more than in any other way, the two faiths came to me which have been the warp and woof of my life, faith in God and faith in man."

An old friend and student writes as follows of the first years at Cheshunt : " As I look back upon the 39 years during which it has been my privilege to know and love your father, I feel how impossible it is to find words in which to express adequately how much I

owe to the influence of his noble life and character. For me the glory of Cheshunt is inseparably associated with the holy memory of two saintly men, who, though variously gifted, and differing widely in many respects, were both alike in this, that they each of them enriched the lives of their students by communicating to them the treasures of their own spiritual experience. It is not given to every religious teacher to exercise this power, and in doing so, Dr. Whitehouse proved himself to be in the true line of succession to Dr. Reynolds. I was a student in College when your father first joined the Staff, and I can well remember the impression he then made upon the men. We recognised in him an earnest, hard-working scholar, bent upon achieving mastery in his own special subjects, while as a teacher he strove to arouse in his students a more serious interest in their work, and to persuade them to more strenuous habits of study. There was a certain natural reserve about him at this time which, if I mistake not, somewhat delayed the more intimate associations with the men which he gradually succeeded in establishing. From the very first, however, the virility of his character, his exacting sense of duty, his frankness, straightforwardness, and absolute sincerity gained for him the entire respect and

confidence of his students, and he gradually but surely won his way into closer and more personal relations with them wherein were revealed his large-heartedness, his kindly humour, his tender sympathy, his rooted modesty, his Christian loyalty and chivalry.

"I doubt if there ever lived a more utterly unselfish man. In the various critical junctures of his life he never allowed his action to be governed by considerations of self-interest. Indeed it may be questioned whether on occasion he gave sufficient weight to such considerations. Another rare quality that he possessed was humility, the humility which is only found with true greatness, and which is quite unconscious of itself. With this was associated a beautiful childlike spirit and a strong and simple Christian faith. He was, indeed, 'a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.'"

An Indian missionary, who went out in the late eighties, writes (18. v. 16):

"He has been a great deal to all of us who passed under his care, more than he knew and perhaps more than we ourselves know. We increasingly loved him for his noble and unselfish loyalty to the College and the trials he suffered for its sake.

He rendered us that deepest service of all possible, in making the Bible a really vital Book to us and keeping it in its central place for us amid the revolutionary changes of thought that marked our life-time as students. His fearlessness and reverence in pursuing his critical

work on the Old Testament enabled us to keep our faith while we adjusted our point of view. He helped us to hear God's voice, at the same time that he helped us to distinguish the voices of the prophets."

Another, who saw the transition to Cambridge, writes from China (12. vi. 16) :

" Those of us who passed through our old Principal's hands were laid under a heavier debt of gratitude than we then knew or can now adequately express. I can never put into words what he was to me at a critical point in my mental and spiritual life. By kindly words of encouragement and by his noble Christian attitude in a period of very painful stress he stayed me in a way of thought that could have brought nothing but disaster, and cured me of despair in regard to the great end that I had set before myself."

In June, 1911, a recent student wrote to my father as follows :

" I shall never forget your kind interest and help right through my college time. As I have heard men say and have said again and again myself, it is worth while coming to Cheshunt if only to meet you.

I daresay you wonder if men take in your lectures. In my case I don't think I realised that I had taken so much in, until the end of the course when I found that all my views about the Bible had been transformed without my at any time feeling the slightest uncertainty of belief. . . . I know you must wonder what is the influence you have had on various men while they have been in College. In my case I cannot say where the influence begins or ends, but one thing in particular I have learnt and that is never to be frightened of Higher Criticism or leave the Old Testament out of my teaching."

Another recent student, now a missionary in India, wrote to him before sailing : " If ever I have to teach in India, I shall make it my aim to have the same spirit in my teaching

that you have shown me." Last year another wrote to him from Wales thanking him " for the great help you gave me with the Old Testament Hebrew, and especially for arousing in my mind a new interest in and liking for Old Testament literature." Only last March, during his illness, my father received a letter from a former student, now an officer serving in France :

" I feel compelled to write to you from the trenches, because one is not able to have more than one or two books for company here, so naturally one is the Bible. Again and again while reading the Old Testament I have been back in the Library at Cintra Terrace, with you at the head of the table lecturing . . . on Hebrew and Old Testament history. Though I often used to feel grateful at —— for the way you had made the Bible a new book to me, that is nothing as compared with the gratitude I feel now as I read its pages and forget where I am, till the name of some German scholar comes to mind, and I wonder whether any of his pupils are in the trench such a short distance away from us."

The same friend writes in a second letter which did not reach him in time :

" I sometimes wonder whether the War will arouse a new Jeremiah or Amos, so little moral hammering seems to have occurred at present. Isolated as I am, I am very conscious of the necessity of fathoming the lesson just for myself. I have learnt far more of the protection and infinity of God than of the indifference and smallness of man."

There are so many letters that might be quoted—letters telling of mission work in Africa and the South Seas, India and China,

others describing efforts at home and confiding hopes and fears for the future, nearly all containing those little items of personal and family news which reveal how near and dear the writer feels himself to be.

My father's letters to his old students abroad reveal his deep interest in their work, in the policy pursued by the London Missionary Society in various lands, and in the special local conditions and difficulties with which each missionary has to cope. Like his father before him, he advocated a conciliatory attitude towards native institutions as far as this could be made consistent with the Christian faith. This standpoint appears as early as 1886, in the " charge " given by him at the ordination of one of his students who was about to take up work in India. Now, thirty years afterwards, this missionary writes how my father's words on that occasion, permeated as they were by the intense love for India and the Indian people which was deep-seated in his heart, " gave a direction to my missionary career for which I can never be sufficiently grateful." He was always inclined to rely on the judgment of the man on the spot rather than on the preconceived views of those without personal experience of mission work abroad. He made a great point of keeping his foreign correspondents acquainted

with College developments and with the doings of their fellow-students. Often, too, he would write about affairs of more general interest—of some new book which had struck him particularly, or of University matters. In a letter to a missionary in China, a London graduate, he deplores the low standard in classics and literature required by the Cambridge Previous Examination, and the absence of philosophy from part I of the Theological Tripos. He goes on, however, to speak with warm appreciation of Cambridge life.

"When I came here in 1905 I felt the surroundings strange and wondered whether I should become acclimatised. . . . It has been pleasant to find one's gloomy forebodings disappear one by one and find oneself forming a wholly new group of delightful friendships and associations. . . . Cambridge is full of really good and most interesting personalities. The most fruitful years of my literary work have been these last ten. I have much to thank God for."

Referring in the same letter to the Great War, he says :

"I am glad that you take the *sane* Christian view about this war. Unfortunately we have some sentimental Christian Pacifists here who declare Christianity and war under *any* circumstances to be incompatible. I have carefully studied Christ's sayings and acts, and the New Testament teaching as a whole, and I find this Quaker doctrine most unreasonable, and have openly written and stated so. These good but mistaken people found their conclusions on a small group of passages, and fail to see that these involve the complete dissolution of civil society" (26. iii. 15).

In a subsequent letter to the same (30. x. 15) he writes :

" I have often wondered how the Chinese mind is regarding this stupendous tragedy of war in Europe. I can imagine that some Chinese regard the whole thing with a grim satisfaction. The result of the war can only be the utter exhaustion and impoverishment of Europe in resources, but, far worse than that, in its manhood. Will China and Japan think that *then* will come their chance, with their vast millions of population and their great undeveloped resources

More serious still is the effect on the Chinese mind of Christian nations tearing each other to pieces. It will need all the missionary's power to put the facts in the true light, and show that this awful war is due to a Christless civilisation, and will continue to recur as long as nations as well as individuals leave God out of account. . . . It is much pleasanter to think of your own steadfast labour and the bloodless victories that Christ is winning through His faithful servants. Tell me all you can about that. . . . Pray earnestly for your old College, as we shall pray earnestly for you and the great work of Christ in China that it may suffer no abatement or hindrance in these dark and troubled times. May God keep us all calm, steadfast, and faithful."

To a missionary in India he wrote about the same time (26. ix. 15) :

" Naturally this terrible war is the all-engrossing topic and fills one's mind with gloom and depression. That we shall emerge from it purified and rid of some at least of our illusions, is the hope that reassures us. There are undoubtedly some bright silver linings to the dark clouds. The splendid patriotism of the British Empire and the moral rightness and full justification for the part which we take in the struggle are strong assets."

In several letters he refers to the depletion of

the University as a result of the war, and the grave situation arising therefrom.

Altogether they are pleasant and informing letters, dealing with a wide range of subjects, much as a man might chat with another over the study fire. And that warm note of personal sympathy is never wanting which made them doubly welcome to the recipients.

The following paragraphs have been mainly written by a former student now in the home ministry :

" His students are scattered over every continent, some of them occupying the most desperate posts of Christian service the world presents. These knew that the harder the task they have essayed the more certain they were of their old teacher's sympathy. . . . He loved the striving game and the men who uphold things that are ready to fall. He had greater joy in the young minister who took up the leadership of a forlorn hope than in the fortunate, nice young man who secured a comfortable church. He had the courage to tell a body of students that the curse of the ministry is the desire for distinction. If he was capable of contempt it was for the popular person, the apostle of the obvious. . .

" The love of those who knew him well was very precious to him. To get a letter from some man battling with difficulty in sordid and

discouraging conditions, or labouring in loneliness in some dark corner of a savage land, filled his heart for days. He had a genius for friendship. His letters were full of the sympathetic helpfulness which comes of an understanding of conditions and a participation in ideals." To one who had just undertaken an uphill piece of work he wrote (8. x. 06):

"I trust as your days so will your strength be in the new arduous work—beloved despite its arduousness by you—in the very thick of the dire social problems of London. What can solve these problems but the redeeming Gospel which you are going to preach? It is inspiring to me here whose heart sometimes seems to be withering in the glaring intellectual light around me to learn of the work you will be and are doing. . . . May God sustain the faith and courage of you all."

To another former student who was deeply interested in social work he wrote (18. viii. 11):

"I wish we could all attain to greater simplicity in living—greater simplicity in worship (church buildings, organs, etc., far too elaborate and costly in our large towns, while the poor village chapel is starved down to slovenliness). Still more do we need it in our modes and apparatus of living. It is the craving for all the complexities and vulgar ostentations of luxurious living—gold, purple and fine linen—upon the sombre, dark and repellant background of a sordid struggling poverty that is the constant and menacing irritant to all this labour unrest. If the heathen Horace could say,

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,

we as Christians—followers of the lowly Nazarene—should aim at living simply and purely. This is the Gospel which Suburban London especially needs. If nothing else will teach this, the streaks of lightning in our social firmament are surely clear enough signs and

portents. There is much for the preacher and prophet to talk about to the selfish and the careless. The thunderbolt may fall upon our house sooner than we think, and there may be much breakage of superfluous china and burning of tinsel. May God's church be taught His lesson in due time. The daily newspaper reads to me like a prophet's message. Behind the staring headlines I seem to read 'Thus saith the Lord. . . .'"

To one who had consulted him in some distress of mind he wrote as follows :—

"It would take a very long time for me to discuss all the points in Bousset's *Jesus*, which I read through in the early part of this summer with much interest combined with some disquietude. The disquietude is mainly occasioned by the end of the book which deals with the *Resurrection*. Unless we believe in the definite personal manifestations of Jesus to His disciples after His Crucifixion, the back of Christianity is broken and our faith is vain. I know there are difficulties, but my own position is very briefly this. *Take your stand on Paul's testimony in* I. *Cor.* xv. Christ's manifestation was through His *spiritual* body (not the *natural* one which we are expressly told is not raised but perishes). I think I have told the men in the old days that I cannot define or explain what *body* is. Who can ? I can only say : it is that by which one soul or personality produces an impression upon the sense-perceptions of another so that we are able to recognise at once who it is that speaks or acts, as well as the thing said or done. Paul's teaching is that there are other ways by which this is done than through the material body of bones, flesh and blood. Take your stand on Paul's tradition and teaching. It was, as nearly all critics agree (except Van Manen, who I hear is now in a mad-house—though this may be report only), the earliest testimony—considerably earlier than Mark's Gospel—coming to us less than twenty-five years after Christ's death. Paul's conversion was barely three years after the Crucifixion (Harnack says

hardly one year). So he came into the freshest and purest traditions respecting Christ's life, death, and Resurrection.

Forgive me if I can only deal with this one point, but it seems most vital to me—far more so than the Virgin Birth which does not in the least affect the question of our Lord's Divinity. Discard the Divinity of our Lord and His authority vanishes; and also that stupendous thing—that greatest miracle of all ages, Christianity—will ever remain to haunt the world as the great sphinx-riddle. There is only one key to unlock the mystery: Christ was God Himself under the limitations of a human form: *true man*, but also *most truly God*. There it is I can understand the Cross and its great meaning and saving power. And I begin also to understand myself and know that God has something in reserve for my own poor futile life. He thinks me worth saving.

If this is of any use to you I shall be satisfied. It is, I know, hard sometimes to preach when the mind is troubled with such a book as Bousset's. It is not so formidable as perhaps you think. May you have joy next Sunday in once more telling the great message, which I assure you remains intact. Bousset is only one of a very long succession. He, too, will pass and be forgotten.

Ever yours sincerely,

OWEN C. WHITEHOUSE."

" He had wide and accurate knowledge "—writes the friend quoted above—" yet could bear with patient frame the ignorant. I recall an occasion on which he occupied a platform seat at a holiness convention, which he attended, I believe, under the pressure of a very urgent invitation. A military gentleman (retired), after exhibiting an exegetical skill of a rare and peculiar kind, roundly

denounced the higher critics for 'tearing pages out of the Bible.' Dr. Whitehouse winced. A few minutes later he was called upon to express the thanks of the meeting to the speakers. This he did with ease, touching upon the helpful remarks made and saying that he was grateful for a service tending to increase our personal devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ. On the way home one spoke to him of the soldier's address. 'Do you know,' he said, 'I liked the man. He seemed real and earnest. That foolish remark about the critics only shows that he—poor man!—has not had an opportunity of looking into things.'

"He had often to bear with sorry fellows who had not 'looked into things.' He had looked pretty deeply, and not only into the subjects he taught. European history had great attractions. It was a pleasure, even to a pacifist, to hear his exact and animated description of great campaigns. He knew Germany and its affairs and philosophies as few Englishmen know them. I have not heard a more intelligent account of the antecedents of the war than that he gave. An hour with one's feet in his fender was better than a thousand with some of the noisy gentlemen whose names are famous. It is one of the purest delights of life to find a man of power whose modesty is as great as his other gifts. He had a daily

beauty in his life which was the blossom of an excellent spirit. In twenty years I have not known him put off the well-fitting garment of humility. He rejoiced in his capacity to be of service, but the desire to 'shine' never appeared. Some of us have had moments in which we could have wished him more assertive. Pushfulness was not in him. The reward was in the race he ran; he sought not honour from men."

"At the Cheshunt dinner in May, 1916," writes another old student, "it was the thought of Whitehouse that was uppermost in the minds of the men. Almost all had known him; most had been students of his; in the hearts of all an admiration and affection had steadily grown with the passing years. Man after man in words that meant much paid his tribute of love. One of his 'old boys,' speaking with glad and grateful memories of the days at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, said:

'I recall to-day a June evening sixteen years ago now—the occasion, an Exit Supper. A couple of us, raw youths, were up for the entrance examination, and our fate lay for the moment in the lap of the gods. We had been relegated by the House, somewhat as intruders upon things sacred, to a remote wing of the old buildings. Of what was doing we saw nothing, though we could hear the sound of men moving about in the quad below, and the solemn and inspiring words of "Our God our Help" to the strains of "Burmah." Then we caught the

murmur of men speaking what sounded like words of farewell; and then the voice of the President speaking from the steps of his house to the men who were going forth—forth to the work at home or abroad for which six free, happy years had been equipping them. I cannot remember what it was we eavesdroppers heard him say; we could only catch a sentence here and there. But one has remained with me ever since: "*Gentlemen, I believe God loves hard work.*" There spoke the man whose memory is with us to-day, and whose life and labour will remain for us and for all Cheshunt men who knew him an inspiration and a challenge. It was said of his saintly predecessor, the beloved Dr. Reynolds (whom some of us never knew, but whose memory is sacred for every Cheshunt man), "He taught us much but he inspired us more." From our hearts we can humbly and gladly say the same of our beloved friend, Dr. Whitehouse.'"

My father's relations to his colleagues are described as follows by the Rev. Ernest W. Johnson, who has been associated with him at Cheshunt College for over twenty years.

"Nowhere perhaps was Whitehouse happier than in his relations with the Staff of the College. With students at first his obvious weight of learning might tend to create awe rather than ease; later they might feel sometimes the irksomeness of his insistence on Hebrew and think he overrated its value; they might even for a while misunderstand his zeal for critical studies and his high seriousness about scholarly accuracy generally. His colleagues naturally knew the value of these things. In all their special

subjects they found him genuinely interested and always stimulating, while in his own he was clearly a master. Most truly might he have said, ' Nihil humani a me alienum puto.' He was perhaps too modest and self-effacing, too much of the student, scrupulous in sifting and balancing evidence, to develop popular gifts of self-reliance and leadership, but he was one of the ' big humans,' built on large lines, and if he was too sensitive and sympathetic to make himself feared, yet, in all who came into contact with him, simple and learned alike, he inspired a singular confidence and respect, and to work with him for any time was inevitably to love him.

"It must not be supposed, however, that Whitehouse did not assert himself as President, or that students and Staff were left to go their own way. Kind and sympathetic as he was, he was full of most pronounced enthusiasms and outspoken indignations. But there was far too much mutual knowledge and harmony in all purposes intellectual, spiritual, and personal, for any possibility of cross-purposes arising among the Professors or between them and the President. Our very isolation in a Hertfordshire village, which was our weakness academically, threw us very much upon one another's society. The mornings were spent at the College; in the afternoon, unless

domestic claims or College sports or walks with students called us apart, we walked or cycled together in the neighbourhood in term and vacation alike, and talked over all things in heaven and earth with the greatest frankness. So we knew one another's minds as well as men can. In College concerns and functions Whitehouse was careful to draw us all in and bring out whatever capacity each might have, and he was so easily 'primus inter pares' that he never had to stand on his dignity. The only occasion I remember of an awkward moment in either the formal or the informal gatherings of the Staff was once when Whitehouse had on his own account settled the date for the end of term, and one who had lately joined the Staff and was quite properly intent on rounding us up to form an orderly 'Senatus' with regular meetings and 'minutes,' protested vigorously against this fairly harmless exercise of autocracy as leading to difficulties about our holiday arrangements. A bomb might have fallen. For the moment Whitehouse sat in amazed silence, not knowing what to say or do, but one of us stepped into the breach and the moment of discomfort so unprecedented came to an end, and no such occasion ever arose again. The only action of his we really regretted, which was taken absolutely without consultation or

previous intimation, was his resignation referred to in a previous chapter. We thought we saw the situation in juster proportion and perspective, but if our judgment differed from his as well as from that of the students we felt, as they did, the force and the unselfish sincerity of the impulse on which he had acted. This precipitated changes which, quite apart from all personal factors, we had long seen to be growing inevitable. Johnston's sudden death made the first break in our small circle since Todhunter's retirement three years before. Soon after that Andrews began his gradual withdrawal to New College, London, and it became only a question of when and in what direction the College should remove. The outlook was not promising even to an irrepressible optimist like myself, and Whitehouse was only kept strong and cheerful by a conviction that he had acted rightly and that the College was under the good guidance of God. But he did keep strong and cheerful. I had for a year or two just then to fight against a nervous breakdown, and if Whitehouse had been my own older brother he could not have been kinder, with almost a mother's solicitude. If our walks were more restricted he was glad as ever, when we had dealt fully with College affairs and prospects, to talk over all sorts of

things both grave and gay—his favourite Greek and Latin authors, politics and German philosophy, and the leaders of English literature and thought. He was always one of the keenest of politicians both in local and in imperial affairs.

"When it came to making arrangements for the move to Cambridge at first he stood aside as a deeply interested spectator, having plans himself for settling to literary work in London. Later he was drawn into the scheme and agreed to come with us, keeping his old department of Hebrew and Biblical Exegesis and Theology. And good indeed it was for us all that he came—good, I doubt not, for himself too, for life apart from the College would have been to him a poor thing. His old work and old friendships went on as before, only he was relieved of the burden of administrative work and lived at some distance from College. With new circumstances came new friendships and new forms of activity. He could never be persuaded into golf, and especially after an accident that befel me I could not join him in long walks as before, but day by day we met before and after College classes, and later in the day, sometimes in his own study at home, more often in my study at College, there were many informal Staff meetings. Constantly I wanted the light of

his experience on all sorts of problems as they arose in the House, and it was given as freely as ever ; we were back in the old times. The holiday seasons, too, spent together at Sheringham are among the most delightful remembrances of these eleven years at Cambridge. It may often have been difficult for him when he saw others trying to do the things he had so long done for the College, but he never showed any sign of regret for the change, and nothing checked his eager interest in all that concerned the College and its men, students and Staff, past and present. He lived for the College to the end, and his passion for truth and right, so happily blended with that modest dignity and gracious courtesy which marked all his doings, will remain with us a high and purifying tradition, just as Reynolds' character and personality had been to him and the earlier generations."

IX.

" I have been much rejoiced and comforted by your letters to me here. You may think this strangely strong language to use here in the marvellous mountains of Switzerland, where there is so much to rejoice one. Yes, but I do long greatly to be at home again with you, and feel very tired of this hotel life and superficial human relationship." (*O. C. W. from Chamonix to my mother*, 14. viii. 90.)

That bachelor walking tour in Switzerland brought my father moments of almost ecstatic enjoyment—a thunderstorm seen from the top of the Rigi and then a sunset when " the Sempacher-See glowed like molten copper and the clouds reflected celestial glories that I shall never forget " ; the reddish golden mists of sunrise bathing the mountains above the Lake of Lucerne ; the deep blue of the great crevasses in the Mer de Glace near Chamonix ; a glimpse of Mont Blanc, the Grands Mulets and the Aiguilles du Midi and du Gouter, " a magnificent sublime vision of lonely towering wastes of snow and ice " ; " the thunder of the mountain cataracts and the roaring madness of the Reuss that tears past our bedroom windows " (at Goeschenen).

And yet he was a little homesick withal, for he was a great lover of home life. His ideal of home was of the simplest ; he wanted a quiet room in which to work and keep his books, a garden where he might sit reading and smoking on fine afternoons with yellow and scarlet flowers to gladden his eyes, somewhere to entertain a few friends from time to time, and above all his dear ones about him. Perhaps the keynote of his relations to his family was deep affection coupled with complete confidence. There were occasional strong differences of opinion among us. He would state his views in no measured terms, even with heat, for he was quick-tempered at times, and then he would labour the point no longer, leaving the rest to time and the good sense with which he credited us. Though he had enormous patience in the weightier issues of life, he was sometimes strangely annoyed by trifles ; his wrath would flame up for a little while, then die down and be utterly forgotten. His attitude to my mother was that of lover and comrade who longed to share with her all that was best ; she once explained to one of her daughters (in the course of a lesson in pastry making) that her marriage had been so happy because she and my father had always been such good friends as well as husband and wife. He was a most devoted father, giving

up much of his spare time to his little girls in the early days at Cheshunt. "It makes me very happy when I think of you in the midst of my books and hard work," he wrote later on to one of them. An admirable playfellow he was, too, who excelled at "pretending," indeed, for many years he was constantly called upon to provide fresh scenes in a highly varied drama wherein two eager heroines loomed very large, and he had to fulfil a vast number of subordinate rôles from generalissimo to funny man. He was always fond of reading aloud, and in winter evenings he used to read Dickens' works; *Lorna Doone* beguiled the tedium of measles, and later on the adventures of Becky Sharpe aroused no little comment. *Treasure Island* and *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* were favourites of his. He was ambitious for his children, and secured for us the highest educational advantages, but when it came to advising us as to careers he was somewhat at a loss; he had always been utterly unworldly and without self-seeking in the conduct of his own life, and how could he suddenly develop into the shrewd and pushful parent? All that was in his power he did, and was ever sympathetic in our troubles and elated by any success we achieved. All through his life he was careful in money matters, living well

within his means and investing what he could save in Government securities.

The summer holiday was a great feature in our family life, and gave an enormous amount of pleasure. Sometimes he would take us to North Wales, which he loved like a second home, sometimes to Devonshire or Cornwall. Later on there were shorter holidays spent with one daughter beside Ullswater, when the wide view from the top of Helvelyn brought him a sense of high exaltation and the wild loveliness of Grisedale pass seemed a heaven-sent inspiration. In 1912 he paid his last visit to the mountains which meant so much to him; during a fortnight at Callander he revelled in loch and waterfall and glen, drinking in the beauty of the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, the pass of Leny and St. Fillan's, and even making a valiant attempt to climb Ben Ledi though bog and mist in the end baffled it. Edinburgh and Stirling fascinated him by their oddly mingled sublimity and squalor and all their thronging associations with a mighty past. Many a quiet time was spent in later life at Sheringham and Hunstanton; the cool, invigorating air of the east coast always refreshed my father, while the woods and heaths around and the ancient churches of Norfolk pleased him greatly. At both places he would find many friends to share

his walks and cycle-rides, and often he would join the very youthful in a game of cricket on the sands when his " screws " were a source of trepidation to inexperienced batsmen. He was very fond of children ; he never teazed them, but won their confidence by treating them as reasonable beings—which, of course, they are.

For his few relatives my father had a strong affection, especially for the family of his eldest brother-in-law, the late Russell Maynard, whom he had known from childhood. One very close and precious tie held him all his life long—his deep attachment to his sister. To her he could always turn in anxiety or perplexity and feel sure that his trust would be met with the perfect understanding of true love, and she ever shared to the full the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments of over sixty years.

" Love shall survive and Love be undiminished,
Love be imperishable, Love be young."
(*Frederic W. H. Myers, Saint Paul.*)

X.

Sursum Corda.

I sought a glow-worm in the grass
One deep midnight.
I found it not—alas ! alas !
To left or right.
To heaven I looked and saw *one* star
Surpassing bright.
So in darkest hour's dismay
I wait alway
Till into my soul there comes the dawning day.
(*O. C. W., Wakeful night, October 2nd-3rd,* 1906.)

" It has pleased God to take to His rest one of His best and gentlest servants and soldiers after a long life spent in His service. You can always think of him as one of the best, the most modestly learned and pious of Englishmen, one whom it was a deep privilege to know, a father and a friend to be proud of " (*letter from J. D. Anderson, Esq.,* 10. iv. 16).

Always he had hoped to die in harness, and so it was, for he was able to keep on with his work at the College very nearly till the end of the Lent term, though it was a struggle against increasing weakness. The first warning of ill-health had come in the previous September, when he had suddenly become overtired after a short cycle-ride. Some weeks of depression both physical and mental had followed, but by early winter he seemed

his old self again and was in good spirits ; only he grew much thinner. Through the winter he led his wonted active life, teaching at the College, preaching—for the last time—at Wellingborough on January 16th, and taking part in the ordination of one of his students on February 23rd at Westcliff-on-Sea. It was bitterly cold weather, and he returned with a chill. Then the old depression came over him, weakness and loss of appetite grew more and more marked, and he confessed to feeling " so intolerably weary." Other symptoms appeared of a perplexing nature, and about the middle of March he finally took to his bed. He became rapidly worse, and in a few days was almost helpless from weakness, and would lie for hours in a semi-conscious state. Throughout his illness Dr. Aldren Wright attended him with unfailing kindness and care, often coming three or four times a day, and sparing no pains to alleviate the trouble. Twice Sir Clifford Allbutt was called in to consult, but could hold out little hope of recovery. During those weeks my father's old friend and colleague, the Rev. Ernest W. Johnson, was ever at hand to help, now sharing a vigil, now trying to cheer him by a brief visit until his condition became too grave even for this, always ready and willing to attend to any matter with that quiet

kindness, which is in itself so comforting to the anxious and sorrowful. Soon the patient's lungs became congested, but from first to last there was hardly any pain, just an utter weariness which seemed to weigh him down. He was always quiet and uncomplaining, in fact he spoke very rarely. Twice he made a wonderful rally after a sort of crisis, but was unable to maintain the improvement. On the second occasion he suddenly roused in the small hours of the morning, and asked quite naturally about my mother and others of the family, but did not wish them to be disturbed ; he even urged his daughter who was watching beside him to go and rest. During the whole time he was ill he only once attempted to read, and after about the first week he ceased to ask for the morning's news. At times he would murmur foreign words, probably Hebrew, and would seem to be searching in his mind for a correct rendering of some idea. One Sunday afternoon he became strangely alert, fancying himself back in Cheshunt, and speaking repeatedly of the Communion Service which he wished to hold—once he stretched out his arm to ring the bell in order, as he said, to summon the people. His sister was fetched to try and pacify him, and at his request she read aloud the thirty-fourth Psalm, while he commented occasionally on

the text. Then he took the Bible and read the same psalm over and over to himself. Evidently he was thinking out his address for the Communion Service, for presently, when a glass of water was held to his lips, he said to one of us, "Pure water and the love of God," and then, more emphatically, "Pure water, I said, and the love of God"--the one thing for which he constantly craved during his illness was cold water.

A week later, on Monday, April 10th, the call of God came to him, and he passed from us quietly in the early morning, just as the world was full of sunshine and the singing of birds.

* * * * * *

A very simple service was conducted by his old friends at Cheshunt College on April 13th. We sang of the living water, which meant so much to him, and joy and pride in his most beautiful life helped us to bear the great grief that lay on all our hearts. His last resting place (in the Cambridge Borough Cemetery) is marked by a Cornish cross, symbol of that sure and certain hope with which we leave him in the hands of Almighty God.

> Ah! peace of God, holy calm and the silence all golden
> Sit enthroned on the mountain-tops. With their rapture my soul is beholden.

As after the flood's devastation God's rainbow, so comes benediction
More eloquent than tumultuous griefs, quelling my throes of affliction ;
Past sorrows that surge in me melt into shadows of dreams that are o'er ;
Thou forgettest the things that are past, oh God, my sins are remembered no more.
Underneath are the arms everlasting, I feel them around, and afar
I know comes the dawn and sweet peace and the bright morning star.

(*O. C. W., part of an unfinished poem found in his desk, April,* 1916.)

GOD'S JUDGMENT.

SERMON PREACHED AT WEST STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, DORKING, ON SUNDAY, AUG. 29th, 1915.

Psalm ix. 7, 8 : " But the Lord sitteth as king for ever : he hath prepared his throne for judgement. And he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgement to the peoples in uprightness."

ii. Corinthians, v. 10 : " For we must all be made manifest before the judgement-seat of Christ; that each one may receive the things done in the body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

(Isaiah ii. 12 : " For there shall be a day of the Lord of hosts upon all that is proud and haughty, and upon all that is lifted up."

Rev. xx. 12 : " And I saw the dead, the great and the small, standing before the throne ; and books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of the things which were written in the books, according to their works.")

I am dealing with a subject which is not very popular, but of which the Bible, as you see, is very full—Divine Judgment. When I was preaching to you last time, rather more than a year ago, August 2nd, 1914, we were living on the edge of great events—that tremendous storm which has swept over Europe and the world, and has already destroyed between two and three millions of lives—probably as many as, if not more than

fell in all the Napoleonic wars more than a century ago.

These stupendous events have brought us face to face with moral realities, as all great crises and times of peril are sure to do. It is a time when God's *winnowing* fan is in His hand, and chaff is sifted from wheat, bad from good, when sterling character and heroic quality, self-sacrifice and sublime unselfishness, previously unsuspected and hidden, begin to reveal themselves, when all that is showy and unreal, all that is superficial and sentimental, easy-going and slack, is simply thrown on one side into due and deserved contempt. There is no place for the *laggard* and idler, however important he may have deemed himself in the days of peace.

Two years ago you might perhaps have wondered why I chose so sombre a subject. We were then living in comfortable times, hardly imagining what was so soon to happen. I have myself during the last forty years listened to a great many sermons. Some of them I have preached myself. The subjects selected have usually reflected the conceptions of Divine *love* and *mercy*. The tone has been reassuring, like the song in Browning's *Pippa Passes*:

> "God's in his heaven—
> All's right with the world!"

And of course this is true enough in a modified sense, otherwise I should have no Gospel to preach. But it is only *one* side—the brighter side—of truth. It is true in the long run for those who have faith and can wait. But it is only a partial truth. All is *not* right with the world. We know that well enough. It is not the duty of the minister to be always picking out the pleasant and reassuring passages in the Bible. He has to tell the whole truth, to declare the whole counsel of God.

The Bible in fact is a very strange and complex book. It is very different from some of our modern hymns, which contain very shallow and mawkish sentiment. You never find that in the Bible. The Bible is like the face of nature. In nature you can behold all that is most beautiful in form and colour—the glory of the stars, the radiant sunset, the luxuriance of forests, the bloom of flowers; but you have also what is stern and terrible—the vast mountain precipice, the crashing avalanche, the lightning and the thunder, the ocean storm, the tornado, the earthquake.

This wonderful book is full of comfort and hope for the suffering, but it is also a stern and awful book. Let us consider together one of these sterner aspects of its teaching—God's Judgment.

I. We all know of course what judgment means. We are continually passing judgments; we cannot help it. We have faculties for doing so—moral faculties which necessarily pass moral judgments on men, on actions, on policies. When Christ says, "Judge not that ye be not judged," He does not mean, "Never pass judgments on others," for that is manifestly impossible. We should have to close all our courts of justice. But He means, "Never pass a judgment on another to which you are not prepared to submit yourself. You may hurl your judgment of strong condemnation on the German Kaiser. Many people are doing that. But if you are yourself guilty of aggressive, arrogant, overbearing conduct, your judgment of condemnation will come back like a boomerang in its recoil and smite you.

We all live in a world of moral judgments, silent or expressed. There is the opinion of our own set, and a good many people are very sensitive to that. There is the collective moral judgment of what is called *society*. We all feel these judgments more or less; very few are quite indifferent to them. The literary man inevitably thinks of what the reviewer or the journals are saying about his last book or his last article or the poem which he has just published. The town councillor is think-

ing of what his fellow-councillors or the next convened public meeting are going to say about the proposal which he is advocating. The member of parliament or the cabinet minister is wondering what his constituency or the wider public will think of his recently delivered speech. And so we live in a buzzing world of talk and human judgments, and these judgments come from more or less responsible tribunals. We are all standing at the bar of some human opinion—of tribunals of some sort, whether regularly or legally constituted or not. And it may be assumed that the highest *human* tribunal of all—calm and dispassionate—is the tribunal of history, the verdict of the coming generations, of those who will live in this world long after we have passed away, who will pass sentence on the words, deeds, and policies of the present.

Yes, but there is a far higher tribunal than that. For even the verdict of history may be perverted by ignorance or prejudice. It is not really infallible. But we have now to deal with a supreme court of justice, with a judgment of clear and perfect knowledge, a judgment of absolute and final justice, a judgment incorruptible and unbiassed, a judgment which is neither now nor then, but eternal, ever with us, that overarches us like

the calm light of the stars, that searches our inmost motives, that reads our deepest thoughts and knows our past history. It is the judgment of God that transcends and revises all other judgments, and which, not merely at some distant future time after death, but now and for ever confronts us. We stand before the judgment-seat of God. And how many of us realise it ?

Our Puritan forefathers realised it, and trembled at the thought of it. John Bunyan realised it. St. Paul realised it ; it ever haunted him. Read the Epistle to the Romans attentively, especially chapter vii. The question which they asked themselves was : What is my standing before God's perfect, holy, clear judgment ? Is it approval? Is it condemnation ?

> " Eternal Light ! Eternal Light !
> How pure the soul must be,
> When placed within thy searching sight,
> It shrinks not, but with calm delight
> Can live, and look on Thee ! "

The late Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, was once asked by a friend what his conception of God was. After a short pause he answered : " What I think about God does not really very much matter. What does matter is what God thinks of me."

Well, what *does* God think of us ? of what we are doing, of what we are thinking. Is

that difficult to discover? In the first place we have the voice of conscience within us, which is God-given. That is some indication. But we have something besides that. We have the life and words of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. In the light of His teaching we never need be in much doubt as to God's thoughts about us and our doings. We have still further the gift of God's Holy Spirit, which is the Spirit of Jesus given us in prayer. He gives His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him, *i.e.* to those who seek Him in prayer. Study of Christ's message and earnest prayer will surely guide us by a clear inward light, and we can know whether God condemns us or whether He approves. And surely that is the main consideration for us if we can only give ourselves leisure to pray and think seriously about these things, and put aside for a while the noisy world of human judgments and the continuous clatter, even on Sundays, of the daily press.

II. And when God condemns, what then? What does condemnation involve? It always involves penalty of some kind. If you study your Bible, you will find that to the unrepentant man condemnation and punishment go together. Sometimes the punishment works itself out in some supreme external disaster like this European war, which is the

outcome of all the hatreds, suspicions, jealousies, overweening ambitions, and aggressive impulses of former generations. The storm may silently brew amid the calm hot sunshine of many summer days, but at last the electricity gathers the thunderclouds, the storm bursts, and the disaster comes.

Or it may happen in the individual life that the vicious course of self-indulgence shows itself in the disease which overtakes the transgressor, and either enfeebles him or carries him to an early grave. But there are also many who are transgressors every day, who harden their hearts against the Divine judgment of condemnation, and yet never seem to be visited by penalties for sin. That is the problem which continually recurs in the Old Testament, especially in the Psalms. Why does the wicked man so often flourish like a green bay-tree? Is there no Divine chastisement for him?

And the true answer is that he is actually punished by the most terrible visitation of evil that can come to any man. He does not suffer the loss of earthly goods, it may be, or bodily pain, but inevitable ruin of his own soul. A man may seem to be marching on to outward prosperity. He might even gain the whole world, yet all the while he loses his own soul. Then he loses everything that is of

any real permanent value. That is the most terrible penalty of all (*cf.* Psalm cvi. 15, describing how Israel forgot God in the wilderness, so God " gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul.")

More than forty years ago I began to realise the full meaning of this. I was studying psychology for my degree, and I came to the chapter which deals with the psychology of Habit. It showed clearly how mental tendencies and habits were gradually, almost insensibly built up by successive acts. The evil act or thought or self-indulgence as it is repeated becomes a tradition, a behaviour. This consolidates into a definite tendency, then a habit, until as years pass by the habit grips hold of us, enfolds us like a chain. The evil habit then becomes part of our character, of ourselves, and eats like a cancer. That is the most stupendous fact that confronts us in this life, this formation of character built up out of growing habits. It is one of those silent, unseen, permanent things that so often go unheeded in this busy, rushing age.

We are each endowed with a free will. We are not mere machines or driven cattle. But free will, that charter of our manhood, is an awful gift. It means personal responsibility. We become the arbiters of our fate, the framers of our character. Now if we

continue to face the condemnation of Divine judgment and harden our hearts, the penalty at once begins to work in the steady inward decline and deterioration of character. The skies may smile upon you without, and the summer sun continue to shine, and the flowers bloom at your feet ; but the inward dry rot in character goes steadily and continuously on—the doom of a ruined soul. " The wages of sin is death." And so Divine condemnation and Divine punishment go hand in hand. They both march on through this world into the world that is to come.

III. Lastly, let us consider more fully the nature of Divine punishment. And here we begin to see hope. There is a rift in the dark clouds and we begin to see blue sky. There is one distinct feature about Divine punishment. It is always *moral.* If God is ever righteous, His penalties are always righteous, *i.e.* they are always moral. That is just what human punishments are not in so many cases. Look at the melancholy history of our prisons and prison punishments. They were often non-moral, worse than that, immoral, vindictive, brutal. But Divine punishment, I repeat, is moral, *i.e.* charged with a great moral purpose to the individual as well as to the race. It is to redeem, restore, reform.

Let me explain by a personal illustration.

Let me refer to my own early experiences. I was brought up in a home of somewhat stern Puritan traditions, and I am thankful for it. Occasionally there was punishment for wrong-doing. I can well remember being chastised for telling a falsehood by my father when I was a boy of seven years old. Yet behind it all I knew that there was parental love. I somehow was conscious that there was deeper pain felt by him than ever I felt. That day of punishment was a day of gloom in the household—a mother's tears, and pain in my father's heart. And it was just this that gave the punishment its whole moral regenerative power.

Does not this throw its light upon the mystery of the Cross of Jesus Christ? Be quite assured of this: that in all the penalties which in this mystery of human suffering God's love inflicts, He Himself suffers, aye, suffers far more than we. We grieve the Holy Spirit of God.

There lies the great meaning of the Cross. But is it possible that God suffers? you ask. If you hold as firmly as I do the Divinity of Jesus, that God and Jesus in His humanity were one, then you will clearly discern in the Cross of Christ the anguish of God's own heart.

The late Dr. Fairbairn among his great

services to theology never rendered a greater than when he boldly wrote these words: "Theology," he says, "has no falser idea than that of the *impassibility* of God (*i.e.* that God cannot suffer). If He is capable of sorrow, He is capable of suffering, and were He without the capacity for either, He would be without any feeling of the evil of sin or the misery of man. The very truth that came by Jesus Christ may be said to be summed up in the passibility of God." God does suffer in the penalties which He inflicts. The Cross of Christ declares to us that great fact, and there lies its great regenerative power. And so, in this awful calamity of war that is devastating Europe and the world God's own heart suffers far more than the humanity which weeps and bleeds and dies.

And to that great truth all the voices of Prophecy continually testify. "Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a delightsome child? For as often as I speak against him I do earnestly remember him still. Therefore my heart is distressed for him" (Jeremiah xxxi. 20). "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? mine heart is turned within me, my compassions are kindled together" (Hosea xi. 8). "Return ye, and turn yourselves from

all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin. Cast away from you all your transgressions, wherein ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" (Ezekiel xviii. 30, 31).

And all these voices of Divine sorrow and Divine appeal are gathered up in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, which reveals to us the anguish of God in the sufferings and chastisements of man. In one of the last great sermons of the late Dr. Joseph Parker that I heard him preach he said: "The Cross of Christ! it is the last answer of the bleeding heart of God to wayward and sinful man." The chastisement which was to bring our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed. There we see something of the great saving power of the Cross of Christ. He that suffered on the Cross can save to the uttermost all that come to Him.

THE FAITH OF OWEN CHARLES WHITEHOUSE

By the

Rev. HERBERT T. ANDREWS, D.D.,

Of New and Hackney Colleges, London; formerly of Cheshunt College, Herts.

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Though Whitehouse's main intellectual interest lay in the domain of Old Testament study, he was by no means a narrow specialist, and he never fell into the mistake of exalting his own particular sphere of work at the expense of other branches of Christian Theology. He was always too good a Christian to regard the Old Testament as an end in itself: its whole value for him lay in the fact that it was the path that led to a higher goal. His own personal religious faith moved in the region of New Testament rather than Old Testament ideas. No one who knew him could ever doubt the reality of his own personal religious experience. He often quoted with approval the remark made by Dr. Fairbairn as he was starting out on a

lecturing tour in India, " I go from a people to whom religion is a mere incident to a people to whom religion to a very large extent is all in all." There is no question that to Whitehouse himself religion was the absorbing interest of his life.

I shall never forget some of the Communion addresses which he gave in the old College Chapel at Cheshunt. He used to let himself go at these services, and speak freely without the restraint which seemed to fetter him on more formal occasions. The soul of the man broke through all reserve, and he used to speak with the power and eloquence that are born of confident faith and invincible conviction. Whitehouse's theology always seemed to me to be a finely tempered amalgam of Wellhausen and Reynolds. Wellhausen gave him his critical attitude and his punctilious scholarship : Reynolds his simple evangelical faith and his vein of mysticism. I do not know that the two were ever completely harmonised. There were moments when he seemed, in some of the thousand talks I have had with him, to be himself half conscious of an underlying dualism in his mind. It would have been strange if it had been otherwise, for he was a pioneer and pathfinder—the " first of the moderns " as far as Congregationalism is concerned—and the readjust-

ment of the evangelical position to the findings of modern criticism is a problem that has taxed us all. But through all his intellectual development the evangelical note in his thought and teaching remained firm and insistent. If the Reynolds strain in his life was never allowed to destroy Wellhausen, it is quite certain that Wellhausen never overpowered Reynolds.

I should not like to say that his statements would have satisfied the old Evangelicals, but then many of them were dissatisfied with the theology of the Sermon on the Mount. On two points he never wavered—his belief in the Divinity of Christ and in the saving power of His Cross. In proof of this assertion I may quote an extract from one of his President's reports :

"Our College rests upon the one foundation, Christ. We believe that He is, though man, of one substance with the Father, and is clothed by His very nature with authority to reveal the Father's loving will and His purpose to redeem mankind. Once deprive Him of any one of those high prerogatives for which Christendom fought so long and so tenaciously, and the cause not only of religion but of humanity is imperilled if not lost. We need the God-Man Jesus Christ in order to interpret aright man's relation to God and to the world. We need Him that we may be assured of the infinite greatness and preciousness of every human soul for whose salvation He died."

It must not be thought, however, that Whitehouse in uttering words like these was

simply maintaining a traditional position. His early faith and his evangelical upbringing were subjected to the fiercest fires of criticism during the early days of his student life at University College, London. In one of his recent addresses he gives an account of the influences which surrounded him in those days. "I can myself look back," he writes, "to the late sixties when the dominant influence in philosophy was John Stuart Mill, when psychology was in its earlier stages and Alexander Bain was its chief exponent. Croom Robertson and Herbert Spencer were beginning to arrive. . . . How well I remember Croom Robertson's class-room in 1869! How we smiled with disdain on the man who talked about intuitions or the Absolute! We spoke much about coexistences and sequences of phenomena, but we were told to be very careful how we spoke of cause and effect. To speak of personality was very heretical." He speaks of the atmosphere of the College teaching as "an arid desert of human speculation in which no religion could possibly thrive and indeed my own religious faith could only exist outside it and independent of it." It was well for him that he was tested so early in life. For a faith which could come triumphant out of an ordeal such as he has described was firmly entrenched in a position that was

quite unassailable. The witness that he bore to Christ and His Gospel, therefore, is all the more valuable—because it was a faith which he had maintained against all the furious attacks which were levelled at it in that age of doubt and scepticism in which he received his training at what was then the most sceptical of all our universities.

But though he was an Evangelical to the very core, he belonged naturally to the liberal school of thought. He was always prepared to apply to the New Testament the same canons of criticism which had rendered such splendid results in the case of the Old Testament. He had no patience with the view, which has been so freely expressed in recent times, that liberal theology had broken down. He quoted with approval in one of his addresses the words of Professor Bacon, ' Liberal Christianity, as we understand the term, is but beginning its career and already rejoices as a strong man to run its course." He held throughout with the utmost tenacity of conviction that the evangelical faith and scientific criticism were in the fullest degree compatible terms.

He wrote but little on subjects outside his own particular line of work. He was content to be a master in his own domain. But his preaching and his life bore eloquent testimony

—which all his students will endorse—to the fact that he was a man who was " very sure of God," and very sure of Christ—and very sure, too, of the realities of the unseen world.

OWEN CHARLES WHITEHOUSE

AN APPRECIATION OF HIS WORK.

By STANLEY A. COOK, M.A.,

Ex-Fellow and Lecturer in Hebrew and Aramaic and in the Comparative Study of Religions, Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

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In acceding to the request that I should contribute to this memoir some estimate of the work of the late Dr. Owen C. Whitehouse as a biblical scholar, I cannot suppress a feeling of inability to do justice to him as I should like, and to pay the tribute which he merits. My personal acquaintance with him dates from about 1903, and from that time onwards, and especially after the removal of Cheshunt College to Cambridge, we had many a conversation on the subjects in which we were both deeply interested. I have a very vivid picture of an outstanding personality, a kind and courteous scholar, one whose thoroughness, breadth, caution, and sympathy impressed all with whom he came in contact. The recollection of our walks and talks will always be valued by me, and to our personal

intercourse no less than to his scholarly works I have to record my indebtedness. He was always willing to put at the service of others a knowledge more extensive even than his writings suggest ; and he was ever ready to realise that he himself had undergone a significant development in his attitude to biblical criticism, and that this criticism was still in the making. As everyone knows, there is very considerable difference of opinion touching biblical problems, and—as I had frequent opportunity of experiencing—he was invariably considerate to others whether their views seemed more " conservative," or distinctly more " radical " and " revolutionary."

In view of Whitehouse's attitude to the various tendencies in biblical research and his own achievements in this field, I feel that an objective and impersonal estimate of his work will be more useful than either a mere appreciation which would express my sincere admiration—of which he was aware—or a more technical discussion of important points of detail which invite notice. An objective estimate may perhaps indicate more clearly than any other the place which, I am sure, his work will hold in the field. It goes without saying that my readers will have very different opinions on the value of the general tendencies in biblical research, and I am anxious that

this estimate should enable them to see for themselves the real significance of his achievements. Retiring and unobtrusive, he can claim to his credit a considerable amount of solid work involving patient and prolonged preparation, and he will hold a very honourable place among those who furthered biblical research at a difficult period.

Whitehouse, it must be premised, belonged to a very clearly marked stage in the history of biblical study. He was one of those scholars who after doubt and hesitation came to accept that theory of the Old Testament which is generally associated with the name of Wellhausen. These scholars by their labours and discussions confirmed, developed, and spread the theory, and they fought the battles which opened the way for their followers. By those of us who have always been acquainted with the "Wellhausen theory," the true significance of the step, and all that it entailed, can hardly be appreciated; while to those who cannot accept it even now the move will seem revolutionary and unaccountable. Herein lies one of the profoundly interesting features in the career of our friend: he was particularly strong in those external subjects by which biblical theories can be tested, he was not one lightly to renounce old views or take up new ones, and his wide knowledge, sobriety of

judgment, and independence of outlook gave weighty support to any conclusion or theory which he accepted.

At the outset the reader may be reminded that the new and revolutionary position which marks modern biblical criticism was introduced by Julius Wellhausen in 1878, in his remarkable book *Prolegomena to the History of Israel.* English, French, Dutch and German scholars had been feeling their way to a new standpoint. Some exceedingly acute work had been accomplished by the Dutch scholar Kuenen. In Germany attention had been devoted to the three leading and interconnected problems : (*a*) the literary compositeness of the Pentateuch and Joshua ; (*b*) the development of the religious and legal institutions, and the relation between them and the prophets ; and (*c*) the actual course of Israelite secular and religious history. The clue, fully elaborated by Wellhausen, can be formularised : " the Prophets and the Law," in contrast to the more familiar reverse order. On the Wellhausen theory a certain well-defined portion of the Pentateuch—and also of other books—is of post-exilic date in its present form ; this, the " Priestly Code," is *later* than the great prophets and the book of Deuteronomy (generally ascribed to the 7th century B.C.), and it is *earlier* than the books

of Chronicles which provide a characteristically priestly and Levitical treatment of the earlier sources in Samuel and Kings. One cannot state the theory adequately in a nutshell, so much is involved in it ; but modern criticism is an unintelligible phenomenon unless we recognize that the Wellhausen literary theory seemed to offer the long-needed solution. Arising as the climax of a lengthy endeavour to explain some intolerable difficulties, it inverted ordinary unreflecting views of the Old Testament, it meant an entire reconsideration of the trend of Israelite religion and history, and it brought and still brings new problems, which indeed are now so serious that, while some scholars are impressed by the necessity of a further movement forward, there are those who ask whether after all the theory has stood the test of time.

Wellhausen's *Prolegomena* was so incisive and challenging that every independent scholar had to consider his own position. It brought a crisis ; it made a definite proposal which, however, involved new and revolutionary conceptions of Israel. But the arguments gradually gained the acceptance of the great majority of " critics," and the general position implied therein ranks as the " critical " position. Hence the period from 1878—the English translation of the *Prolegomena* ap-

peared in 1885—forms a distinct and characteristic epoch in biblical criticism; and the work of all scholars in the field of Old Testament research is estimated with reference to the new development.

But it is not as a "critic" that Whitehouse first became known. Like every other independent scholar he followed the new tendencies with interest and scepticism—interest, because the intricacies of the Old Testament are overwhelming and some solution is needed, and scepticism, because the Wellhausen theory seemed too drastic and involved views which apparently could not stand the light of the external evidence. It was in the department of Assyriology that Whitehouse made his name, through his translation of Schrader's *The Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament* (vol. i., 1885; vol. ii., 1888). In 1893, while still an undergraduate, I had the good fortune to become possessed of these volumes, and like many another student I was profoundly impressed and stimulated by them. The work was calculated to widen the mind of the reader, to introduce him to a new field, and to indicate what Assyriology was likely to contribute to the Old Testament. Robertson Smith and Wellhausen had pointed to Arabia; but Whitehouse's translation of Schrader

showed that here was another field, and one not to be ignored. As has always been realised, Schrader's invaluable work gained a much wider recognition through the very careful translation and the instructive notes and prefatory remarks, for all of which Whitehouse was responsible. Whitehouse was not an original and independent worker in Assyriology, but he possessed a sound philological training, a wide knowledge, and a good judgment, and he was able to make a discriminating use of material. A proportionate view and a sane estimate of specialistic research are quite as important as the ability to undertake it ; and too often what we need is not more *material,* but more *method,* for specialism is apt to become too narrow and unmethodical.

Assyriology had been rather under a cloud ; it had suffered from over-enthusiastic disciples on the one hand, while on the other scholars were sometimes apt to be rather sceptical as to the possibility of deciphering and translating the cuneiform texts. Assyriology, like every other young study, had to fight its way, and it gained strength in the conflict. Schrader's great work declared what Assyriology had to say on the Old Testament chapter by chapter, and the English-speaking world is indebted to Whitehouse for his acute

recognition of the value of the work, his excellent translation, and the soundness of his notes. It is pleasant to remember that a friendship sprang up between the two, and that after Schrader's death in 1908 Whitehouse paid a touching tribute to the memory of his friend.

Meanwhile Whitehouse continued to manifest his interest in Assyriology and other "external" subjects, and the characteristic feature of his work is his emphasis upon the importance for Old Testament study of epigraphical, archæological, sociological and other lines of enquiry. His activities for the next few years are represented in his little *Primer of Hebrew Antiquities* (1895) and in reviews and dictionary articles. To the *Encyclopædia Biblica* he contributed an article on "Garden," and a series on military subjects ("Breastplate," "Chariot," "Fortress," "Siege," "War")—not until many years later did I learn from him of his interest in strategy, the study of Napoleon's campaigns being especially mentioned. It is worth noting also that he realised the importance of illustrating articles upon archæological subjects, and we have only to turn to some of his admirable book-notices in the *Critical Review* to see how he tells us to use our eyes. In his review of Cheyne's *Origin of*

the Psalter he objects to that scholar's conception of the poverty and crudeness of pre-exilic temple-psalmody, and he bids us look at the Assyrian bas-reliefs representing a procession of harpers and flute-players, and at the extremely ancient monument of the Babylonian king Gudea upon which we may observe the harper playing on his twelve-stringed instrument (*op. cit.*, vol. ii., p. 11).

His contributions to Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible* are typical of his varied pursuits. In addition to an instructive article on "Cosmogony," his Assyriological knowledge is also drawn upon in a number of articles on kings of Israel and Judah upon whom the inscriptions throw additional light (*e.g.* Ahab, Omri, Uzziah, etc.). Special mention should also be made of the important series on Semitic religious and related antiquities (*e.g.* Demon, Exorcism, Magic, Possession, Satan, Sorcery, etc.) Little escaped him in the way of new literature or new discoveries; that he found time to observe and assimilate as he did—in the midst of his various other duties—is not a little astonishing. He found much illuminating material in the discovery of Aramaic papyri emanating from a Jewish colony of the fifth century B.C. at Elephantine in Upper Egypt. It formed the subject of a paper read by him at the Oxford Congress of

Religions, which was received with close attention.* The paper is an excellent specimen of his general line of thought, his views, and his application of external evidence to biblical criticism. An instructive and popular survey, which should be better known, dealt with the " Conditions of Egypt and Western Asia, 1700-1200 B.C." (*The Interpreter*, vi. 128-138, 316-327, 414-422 ; vii. 80-87, 205-216.) A great deal of light has been thrown upon this period by the Egyptian and Assyrian evidence and by the excavations. The political and religious situation can be in some measure reconstructed on the basis of contemporary material, and the biblical student, whatever his standpoint, is obliged to consider seriously its significance for the early history of Israel. Whitehouse's sketch is popular, but he draws upon the best authorities and his account is most illuminating.

Of his many admirable notices in the *Critical Review*, two were on Assyriological works (*Keilinschriftliche Bibliothek*, vol. iii. 130-137 ; and Jastrow's *Religion of Babylonia and Assyria*, vol. ix. 277-284). Two German works on Hebrew archæology by Benzinger and Nowack respectively are authoritatively

* Printed in abstract in the *Transactions of the Third International Congress for the History of Religions*, i. 280-284 (1908). The paper appears in full in the *Expository Times*, February, 1909.

handled (vols. iv. 127-133, v. 23-29), and he points out how the latter suffers from his weakness in dealing with the external evidence. Where the criticism of the Old Testament is concerned, and notably in his reviews of Cheyne's *Origin of the Psalter* (ii. 8-16) and *Introduction to Isaiah* (v. 227-232), he is frank and independent. I have more than once heard him express his admiration for those works of Cheyne; but he was invariably discriminating. He was of course in touch with continental scholarship; and, himself a close student of the book of Isaiah, he treats with perfect impartiality the two great Isaianic scholars Cheyne and Duhm. He naturally praises the ingenious, rapid, and brilliant generalisation which distinguishes Duhm, but he points more firmly to the patient, inductive methods of Cheyne, and unhesitatingly notes the decisive superiority of the latter in controversy.

For the "Temple Bible" series Whitehouse undertook to edit Ezekiel with brief explanatory notes and introduction (1902). His commentary on the book of Baruch in Charles' *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha* (vol. i. 1913, pp. 569-595) was painstaking and thorough; but the subject afforded little scope. Of the earlier commentary on Isaiah, published in the "Century Bible" series

(vol. i. 1905, vol. ii. 1908), much more is to be said. Whatever the defects of English scholarship, one has only to point in reply to some of the volumes in this series, in the "Cambridge Bible," and in the "International Critical Commentary." They are without doubt by far the best commentaries of the age, and no one will dispute the opinion that the two little volumes on Isaiah by Whitehouse are among the best examples of English work. Of course a little commentary—although this runs to over 700 small pages—should be less trouble to write than a big one; but as a matter of fact it takes a first-rate scholar. Only an expert hand could pack into such small compass the material which is here collected and digested, only one who knew what to omit, where to condense, and how to arrange, could present a proportionate survey of the whole and accomplish the task successfully. The problems of Isaiah involve exceedingly difficult questions of criticism—textual, literary and historical; they demand a competent knowledge of the external data and a sympathetic enquirer. A discriminate understanding is requisite, and although no one in the field of Old Testament criticism can hope to secure the unanimous support of experts and ordinary readers, it would be difficult to name a readable, semi-popular but

thoroughly scholarly piece of work which manages to convey so sound a knowledge of Isaiah and the Isaianic questions as these modest little volumes.

I have drawn special attention to Whitehouse's studies in religious antiquities. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (eleventh edition) he contributed new articles on "Hebrew Religion" and "Pentecost." The former is particularly valuable. Every independent Old Testament scholar will have his own conception of biblical religion and theology; but few have treated the subject so comprehensively as he has done, and no conscientious student of the Old Testament can afford to ignore the article. For this Encyclopædia he also revised and supplemented three important articles by Robertson Smith: "Messiah," "Priest," and "Prophet." It is not easy to revise the work of another, but this famous scholar has found here a warm admirer who combined with his respect the recognition of the fact that the views of the great Scotsman himself underwent considerable development in the course of a few years, and that biblical research has not been stationary since his death in 1894. Of other recent work special reference should be made to the thoughtful article "Holiness" in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, and to the useful

account of "The Religious Institutions of Israel," which he has written for the forthcoming commentary on the Bible edited by Professor Peake.

It is not my intention to refer to all that came from Whitehouse's busy pen, and if I have succeeded in giving some idea of the many-sidedness and general value of his work, I may now point out its significance for the "higher criticism." To not a few people Old Testament criticism has seemed to be some narrow examination of the five books of Moses, some minute and unedifying analysis of chapters and verses. And it is sometimes said that a little knowledge of the lands of the Bible and of other lines of research which bear upon the Bible would make the critic less pedantic, and would drive him from his confined study to face the realities of ancient Hebrew life and thought. But the fact remains that those who have the desired and wider knowledge continue to differ, even as those who do not possess it; and if we are asked: do the monuments, the excavations, and other "external" sources confirm the Bible, or do they support the conclusions of the "higher criticism"?—we can give no simple answer. The external evidence in itself is frequently inconclusive, and again and again when it removes one difficulty it raises

another—indeed the progressive character of biblical criticism is due more to the appearance of new difficulties than to the disappearance of old ones.

Now, what makes Whitehouse's life-work especially significant is his continuous interest in the external subjects that bear upon the Old Testament, by the side of an equally keen and constant interest in the internal criticism of the biblical sources. He came from an Oriental land, and —as I learn—the impression of his early years in India was never effaced. His outlook was naturally influenced by this, and must have differed from that of the ordinary European; psychologically, therefore, his childhood was a preparation for that sympathy and discernment which characterise his exegesis and criticism. He was not a pioneer or an original thinker, like Wellhausen and Robertson Smith, for example; but he was more alive than many prominent scholars to the profound importance of external research, and he had a discriminating knowledge of Assyriological work. There were two "schools," so to say: the new, growing and precocious Assyriological, and the old-established one which insisted upon looking to Arabia for the needed light. There were these two tendencies, and throughout all subsequent biblical criticism we can see the

desire to urge and even exaggerate, now the influence of the lands of the Tigris and the Euphrates with which Palestine and Syria were in touch, and now that of Arabia from whose deserts semi-nomad tribes have from time to time poured northwards.

Robertson Smith and Wellhausen were distinctly of the "Arabian" school; others pressed the claims of Assyria and Babylonia, of Egypt, or of the little-known Hittites of Asia Minor. It is Whitehouse's great merit that he kept an even balance and was prepared to give to each stream of influence its due. We have to regret that he did not publish any general account of his principles and methods of criticism, but the careful reader will find in his writings many valuable observations and suggestions which should be taken to heart. Note, for example, his words in the course of his review of Cheyne's *Origin of the Psalter* (*Critical Review*, ii. p. 12, n. 1): "It is one of the unfortunate results of the great wealth of material brought to light by Assyriology, and the comparative poverty of our knowledge of Phoenician and early Aramaic culture, that it gives a very one-sided view of the ancient Semitic world, and even a false bent to historic investigation." In other words, we are so impressed by the numerous parallels which the Old Testament

finds in the innumerable Babylonian tablets that we pay less attention to those found in the relatively few Phoenician inscriptions, and we tend to assume that the Babylonian influence was *absolutely* greater than the Phoenician or Aramæan. But careful survey will reveal points of contact everywhere, and consequently we must avoid far-reaching theories based upon parallels in one and one only of the neighbouring civilisations.

In his Preface to Schrader's *Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament* (dated 1885), it is quite clear that the new criticism of the day was unfavourably regarded by Whitehouse. He says "Dr. Schrader . . . does not ignore these latest developments of critical investigation, and it will be seen that the facts of Assyriology, as stated by this cautious and skilful critic, constitute in themselves a powerful argument in the hands of the conservative exegete" (p. xvii.). The statement is exceedingly important, because we are told that "Assyriology upholds the validity of Old Testament history," and if the priestly narrative of the Pentateuch is, as Wellhausen argued, the result of a post-exilic editing after the Babylonian exile, "it would be *a priori* probable that Babylonian tradition would colour the form of that narrative."

Yet in spite of this Whitehouse came to accept the revolutionary position !

In the first place, the Wellhausen literary theory of the extent, order, and date of the sources of the Pentateuch (and other books) *does* provide a preliminary clue, but it has never bound scholars to any definite historical standpoint as regards the earlier period of Israel. Whitehouse points to the drastic historical conclusions of Wellhausen and Stade, but in reply one could cite the extremely moderate views of Driver or of Robertson Smith. The fact is, a late source *can* contain early and authentic material, and an early source *can* be one-sided or inaccurate. To a certain extent the purely historical problems can be distinguished from the literary or literary-historical, and the former must be handled in accordance with the principles of historical criticism. At all events we invariably find among those who accept the Wellhausen *literary* theory, that some have a " conservative " estimate of Israelite history, while others have one that is distinctly " radical." It is important to notice, therefore, that although Whitehouse accepted the Wellhausen theory, he consistently held a far higher opinion of the trustworthiness of the historical material than I, for one, can accept. So in his reviews and other writings from 1892

onwards he frankly states his new position as regards the literary criticism ; but he protests against the uncritical acceptance of critical views, especially the view that the ethical-spiritual monotheism of Israel was " the startling product of eighth-century prophecy."

Later, on archæological and other grounds, he warns us that we must be prepared to find that the patriarchal story is more or less representative of racial history and phases of life extending over considerable periods of time ; not all Israel went down into Egypt, there are different accounts of the Exodus, and there is reason to believe that the name Egypt (Miṣraim, Muṣri) once extended outside Egypt itself (see *The Interpreter*, vi. 130 ; vii. 211 sqq.). The last point has reference to a notable theory associated with the names of Hugo Winckler and Cheyne ; and Whitehouse is careful to remark that " this reasonable belief " in the existence of a land of Muṣri (Miṣraim) south of Judah does not entitle us to accept all the far-reaching views based upon it. Throughout we find the acceptance of certain literary theories but a very moderate and in some respects conservative attitude to the history. To my mind a striking example of this is his recognition that Isaiah xl.-lv. and lvi.-lxvi. are by different hands, while at the same time his discussion of the post-

exilic background scarcely satisfies the serious historical difficulties in the books of Ezra and Nehemiah. My aim here, however, is to show that in becoming a "higher critic" one's attitude to the intricate historical problems is not necessarily revolutionary; a reconsideration of the historical development is rendered necessary, but one cannot fail to contrast the moderate views of Whitehouse with the more drastic conclusions of Wellhausen, Stade, and others.

In many cases where the trustworthiness of biblical history is in question the external evidence is not conclusive. On the other hand, the general effect is of the greatest significance, and what Whitehouse has stated again and again is admirably summed up in his article on "Hebrew Religion" (*Encycl. Brit.*, vol. xiii., p. 182, esp. n. 2): "The years 1887 to 1891 opened many eyes to the fact that the Hebrews lived their life on the great highways of intercourse between Egypt on the one hand, and Babylonia, Assyria and the N. Palestinian states on the other . . . if we are to think sanely about Hebrew history *before* as well as after the exile, we can only think of Israel as part of the great complex of Semitic and especially Canaanite humanity that lived its life in western Asia between 2000 and 600 B.C. . . ." The conclusion is obvious—

it is no longer "*a priori* probable that Babylonian tradition would colour the form of that narrative"—*viz.* of that "priestly" source which the Wellhausen literary theory ascribed to a post-exilic date!

It is now evident that traces of Babylonian influence cannot prove the date of a source, nor can the absence of traces prove a date prior to the exile of Israel in Babylonia. Thus there is no longer the Assyriological objection to the late date of the priestly source; on the other hand, the same evidence provides wider conceptions of conditions before and during the monarchy. Upon this Whitehouse constantly insists. Thus, in one of his reviews he objects that the author "underrates the prae-exilian and national period of Hebrew life. Archæology alone can cure this. For the curious spectacle presented by the advanced criticism is that while its tendency is to post-date the literature of the Old Testament by centuries, archæology is antedating the origins of Semitic culture by milleniums" (*Critical Review*, ii. 1892, p. 13).

A couple of useful illustrations may be cited. He protests against the post-exilic date to which critics have ascribed Gen. xiv.—the account of Abraham's victory over Amraphel, Chedorlaomer, and company; the chapter is a battleground of criticism. He urges that

" the archaic traces . . . are inconsistent with its wholesale ascription to an exilian ' Midrashic ' source. The discoveries in Tell el-Amarna have turned our eyes to earlier sources of Babylonian influence and tradition than those which operated in the days of the exile " (*ibid.* vii. 301). But the reply is obvious : these archaic traces no more prove the earlier date of the *narrative* in Gen. xiv. than the admittedly archaic features in " priestly " *law and ritual* demand a pre-exilic date ; and just as Whitehouse came to agree that the criteria for the post-exilic date are conclusive in the latter case, so many scholars contend that in the former the later or post-exilic elements are equally indisputable.

The second illustration is especially instructive. Whitehouse more than once expresses the fear that there is a tendency to underrate the intellectual and spiritual possibilities of the great prophetic leaders of pre-exilic Israel (*e.g. Critical Review*, v. 229). In particular, in his review of Cornill's *Jeremiah* (*ibid.* vii. 53), he protests against the view that " the localisation of Yahweh in heaven " is exilic or later ; he urges on the contrary that this represents a pre-exilic belief, and he contends that " Yahweh like the Aramaic Hadad and the Assyro-Baby-

lonian Ramman was associated with the atmosphere rather than with the land in the most primitive religious ideas of Israel." This point is of great importance for the course of biblical research and for our conceptions of the evolution of religion, and it may be useful to indicate its significance.

Whitehouse emphasises* two fundamental principles which have to be understood and applied by the student in dealing with the religious institutions of Israel : (*a*) the growth and development of all institutions from simpler to more complex forms, and (*b*) the effect of the environment of a people in influencing this growth. Now in practice there is a tendency for these two principles to come into conflict. For, on the one hand, most biblical critics, himself included, recognise three main stages in the development : (*a*) the period prior to the prophets and the Deuteronomic reform, from the nomadic and earliest times onwards, (*b*) the period of the prophets and the reforms, and (*c*) the post-exilic priestly and legalistic period. Here one can trace a definite growth. On the other hand when we consider the external conditions, it is natural to assume that Israel was neither uninfluenced by the neighbouring civilisations

* See especially his contribution to the forthcoming commentary on the Bible, edited by Prof. Peake.

nor entirely different from them. Consequently his criticism of Cornill is thoroughly justified. So far from looking for a development from the lower to the higher stages of thought, it now seems more reasonable to suppose that Israel from the first possessed the more advanced beliefs and institutions which are to be found among the peoples in whose midst she lived. In practice, however, the effect of these principles is to account for markedly different tendencies among biblical scholars, and although the particular views adopted and urged by Whitehouse are not always those that would gain the unanimous support of modern critics, it can be said with confidence that they deserve the closest attention.

Especially would I draw attention to two exceedingly suggestive remarks in the article "Hebrew Religion." The first (p. 182, 2nd column) is that "we have to deal not with *one* evolution, but with evolutions." He observes, "Probably in our modern construction of ancient Hebrew history sufficient consideration has not been given to the inevitable coexistence of different types and planes of thought, each evolved from earlier and more primordial forms." The second (p. 183 n.) warns us of the danger of construing too strictly the language of the prophets and

psalms : " It is not to be supposed that either Amos or Isaiah would have countenanced the total suppression of all sacrificial observance. It was the existing ceremonial observance *divorced from the ethical piety* that they denounced." He did not live to follow out these hints, and I emphasise them because no one who is acquainted with the present position of Old Testament studies will deny that a sound comprehensive position is needed, one that does justice to the principles of research, the claims of " internal " criticism, and the external evidence. Hence the remarks of Whitehouse seem to me especially significant and fruitful for the future.

If we have to recognise " different types and planes of thought," it is obvious that the same sort of ideas would not be found among the various layers of population who were of different origin, or who had had a different past. We have only to think of Canaanites and Israelites, or of the native Judæans and the exiles newly-returned from Babylonia. The invading Israelites, semi-nomads fresh from the desert, would be on another plane compared with the indigenous Canaanites. As he once wrote to me (15 Feb., 1907) : " . . . For example Micaiah son of Imlah may have occupied a higher intellectual plane than Elisha, and Nathan than either David or

Saul." Moreover, if the prophets denounced the absence of ethical piety in the ceremonial, it does not follow that the religion of the earlier period had not yet reached the ethical stage; he himself stresses the "high ethical character of Yahweh's requirements originally set forth by Moses" (art. "Hebrew Religion," p. 179). This of course implies a subsequent decline, a retrogression, which is obviously the antithesis of a *single* evolution. It is here, I venture to think, that we reach the central problem of the study of the Old Testament, and this is not the place to dwell upon it. I am anxious, however, to show that Whitehouse—especially in his later writings—lays his finger upon important questions which cannot be ignored, and he handles them with a comprehensiveness which few scholars could claim. Personally, I am convinced that the theory of different levels or planes of thought opens the way to a new solution of some of the most serious problems in the Old Testament.

What has chiefly to be emphasised is this. A candid mind, unfavourably disposed to the new biblical criticism of his day, and endowed with a sound knowledge of Assyriological and other external research, ultimately came to realise that the "*literary* theory" furnished the only serviceable clue to the intricacies of the Old Testament, and was able to testify

that the external evidence neither precluded it nor compelled its modification. All conceptions of the *historical* development of Israel are very seriously affected ; but if some critics are more revolutionary, others are more moderate or conservative. Whitehouse was of the latter. His fine combination of critical biblical knowledge and external research gave weight to the views he held, and where one differs from him it is necessary to consider carefully the grounds upon which his views are based—for he made it quite clear that the evidence from external sources must always be consulted and satisfied. The result is to set a high standard for biblical work, to make Old Testament study more complex, and to strengthen all views which satisfy the varied departments of research.

His two great principles must always be borne in mind : to understand all that the Old Testament has to teach us, (*a*) we must study it *intensively*, realising the law of growth and development, and (*b*) we must place it amid the conditions of life and thought where it grew up. Every deeper, wider and more strenuous study of the Bible has had the result of leading to firmer and more fruitful views, which assuredly outweigh all that we find ourselves obliged to concede or adjust. That a criticism, which in several respects

involves "destructive" conclusions, and which means an ever more minute examination of the Old Testament, can be both scientific and reverent, is to be seen on every page of Whitehouse's writings; and his life, like his courtly and kindly demeanour to all who had the privilege of knowing him, manifested the Christian, the gentleman, and the scholar.

I trust that I have succeeded in indicating, however imperfectly, why Whitehouse will hold an honourable place among our scholars. His breadth of view and depth of knowledge inspired trust, his judgment was reliable, and he held a sound mediating position between the more original, pioneering, and thoroughly individualistic specialists—who, however indispensable, are always to be read with discrimination—and the ordinary public. He showed that a judicious "higher criticism" did not run counter to archæology and the monuments—or *vice versa*. He played to no gallery, he courted no popularity; but he inspired trust and confidence, and he will always be remembered as one of the great band of scholars who contributed to the progress of biblical criticism during some momentous years. Exceedingly novel and revolutionary views were attracting attention; they were calculated to disturb and distress

many minds, and they undoubtedly played into the hand of that crude rationalism which is the antithesis of rational. It is the great merit of Whitehouse that he went his way quietly and frankly: he was able to prove by his works as also by his life that "higher criticism" was not contrary to true religion; and by the quality of his work and by his painstaking scholarship he showed that this "higher criticism" was a dignified and worthy study, capable of being pursued according to scientific methods.

He lived to see the appearance of newer tendencies in biblical study, the precise outcome of which it would be impossible to foretell. He regarded the future with confidence; for if research has brought fresh difficulties, further research will simplify or remove them. He has set an example of fine, unassuming and patient labour, and his influence extends far outside the College and the large band of students who came under his immediate influence.

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